

THE
Juvenile Instructor

VOL. 54

MARCH, 1919

NO. 3





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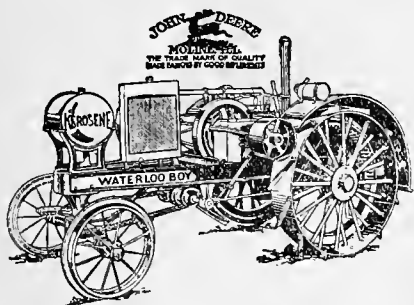
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Book Review

SCIENCE OF PLANT LIFE: A High School Botany treating of the Plant and its relation to the environment. By Edgar Nelson Transeau, Professor of Botany, Ohio State University. In New-World Science Series, edited by John W. Ritchie. Cloth. Illustrated. ix—336 pages. Price \$1.48. World Book Company, Yonkers-on-Hudson, New York

Botany has found itself. For a number of years it has been groping its way with unsteady tread. The student has followed botany with the same uncertainty in his progress, and has found himself experiencing a wonderment over what it was all about when the course was finished. To be sure, he had acquired an extensive vocabulary of strange and impressive-sounding terms which he could use to the consternation of them initiate, especially after he conducted them on a sightseeing tour of his herbarium of carefully mounted, preserved and stiffened specimens of plant life most of which afford interest because of their strangeness.

Botany is no longer restricted to the study of the flower. It really is a basis for, or introduction to, the arts and sciences relating to plant producing—even plant distribution and plant consumption. Probably it is the study of agriculture that has shown botany the way. However that may be, it is obvious that the purpose of botany must be more than cultural. On the other hand, its cultural value will not be minimized by giving it a practical slant. And botany that will serve as a basis for agriculture or any art or science relating to plant production must be conceded to be a good botany and possessing all desirable cultural qualities.

No one has better outlined the purpose of Transeau's **SCIENCE OF PLANT LIFE**, the selection of material and its treatment, than the author himself, in his preface to which we respectfully call your attention.

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What the March Winds Say

By Effie Stewart Dart

What is it the March winds are saying today,
As they whisper among the trees?
"Summer is coming; there's much to be done."
Is the answer that's borne on the breeze.

"We must gather the snow from each mountain ridge,
Hide it safely in some ravine,
To provide the water the farmer needs
For his fields and his pastures green.

"We must gather the leaves, the paper and trash;
How unsightly and bad they look!
We will sweep them in corners out of sight,
Into every convenient nook.

"We will swell the buds on the waiting trees
Till they burst from their cradles green;
Tell the grass to clothe the bare brown earth,
With its mantle so fresh and clean.

"We will whisper to crocus and daffodil
To put on their dresses fair,
And bring their message of faith and hope,
To hearts that are burdened with care.

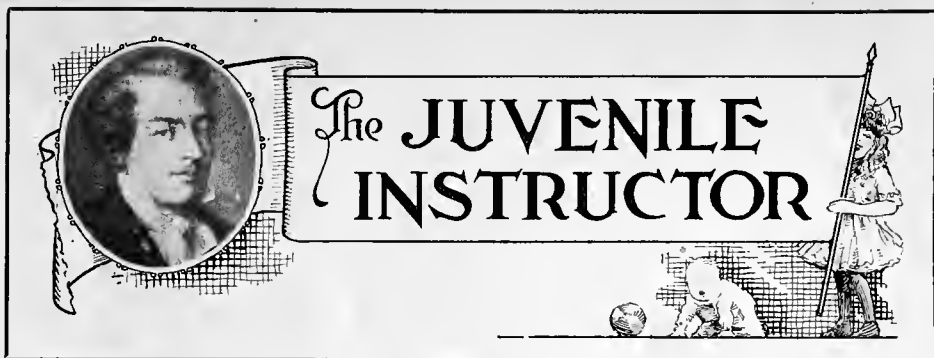
"And we have a message for you, my friend,
Let this truth in your heart instil,
It will help you a lot with the hardest task,
If you tackle it with a will.

"For a merry heart and a sunny smile,
Will help all your work along;
Be happy and gay at your work or play,
Like the March Winds with whistle and song."



MELVIN J. BALLARD

Set Apart as a Member of the Council of the Twelve, January 9, 1919.



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No. 3

Melvin J. Ballard

The selection of Elder Melvin Joseph Ballard to fill the vacancy in the Council of the Twelve, caused by the death of President Joseph F. Smith, and resultant changes, has given general satisfaction to the members of the Church, and his appointment has been another evidence of the wisdom of the presiding authorities. He was set apart by President Heber J. Grant on January 9th, 1919.

Elder Ballard is a native of Utah, having first seen the light of day at Logan, Cache county on the 9th day of February, 1873. He is the son of Henry Ballard, former Bishop of the Second Ward, Logan, and Margaret McNeal Ballard. He received his education in the District Schools and Brigham Young College of Logan, graduating from the last named institution in 1894. He was baptized and confirmed a member of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints February 9, 1881 by Henry Ballard; ordained a Priest, December 27, 1891, by Henry Ballard; an Elder, February 5, 1895, by William Worley; a Seventy, July, 1896, by Apostle John Henry Smith; a High Priest, April 23, 1900, by Apostle Francis M. Lyman.

On July 7, 1896, together with Elders B. H. Roberts and George D. Pyper, Elder Ballard began a special

mission to the larger cities of the United States, finishing this missionary labor in the Northern States in December, 1898. In 1909, he was called to preside over the Northwestern States Mission, with headquarters in Portland, Oregon. There with his family he lived until the call to the Apostleship. As President of the Northwestern States Mission he won the hearts of the Elders laboring under his jurisdiction, as well as of the Saints and converts.

In a business capacity Elder Ballard has filled many positions of trust in the community, and with Elder Joseph E. Cardon established the Cache Knitting Factory.

On June 17, 1896 he married Miss Martha A. Jones of Farmington, also a valiant Church worker. Their children are, Lieut. Melvin R. Ballard, recently commanding officer at the B. Y. University of Provo, Lucille, Rulon, Louis, Ruth, Margaret and Max (twins). One son, Kenneth, is dead.

At the recurring general conferences Elder Ballard's voice has been heard in sermon and song and his splendid singing and warm and emotional utterances have stirred the hearts of the people to their depths.

Dignified in bearing, genial in disposition, kind and considerate of his associates, an exhorter of unusual

power, the new member of the Twelve will add strength to his quorum and will be a valuable instrument in the hands of the Lord in helping to shape the plans necessary to enable this peo-

ple to perform effectively the wonderful work just ahead—the preaching of the Gospel to the old, the new and the reconstructed nations of the earth.

Joseph the Prophet

"Where faith exists there will be fruits of faith be found also." Clearly, the same degree of faith is not to be found in each person. Some have faith to accomplish one thing, some another. To every soul, faith should be a sustaining joy, a blessing of comfort that leads to a brighter goal. In the lives of some men and women, faith is a principle of great power. The life of the prophet Joseph is a grand example. When a mere youth he had faith to ask of God which of earth's numerous creeds was right and which one would be right for him to join. He had faith unto the beholding of two Heavenly Beings, the Father and the Son.

Joseph's faith was manifest in distinct steps of advancement. First, as a truth-seeker, second as a truth-receiver, third as a truth-revealer, fourth as a truth-restorer. Mighty stepping-stones of progress these! He had faith to become a Seer and to behold the past, present, and future.

I wonder if we, as children of Zion exercise faith as is our privilege, to know the prophet's great goodness and understand the real sources of his power as a truth-restorer and leader of this dispensation.

A dispensation, as each of us should well know, is a period of Gospel-giving from heaven to earth. Joseph the Prophet was divinely called by our Savior, Jesus, to be the leader of this last dispensation. Unto him were given special keys or powers with which he was enabled to unlock the gospel door.

First, by the gift and power of God, he translated from the golden record the Book of Mormon.

John the Baptist, an immortal being, appeared to Joseph and conferred upon him the first grade of the Priesthood called the Aaronic. This gave him power to preach repentance and baptize with water.

Peter, James, and John, three immortal beings, appeared to Joseph and conferred upon him the higher grade of the Priesthood called Melchizedek. This gave him added power such as blessing the sick, also laying on of hands for the gift of the Holy Ghost.

As we all well know, the members of our Church have come by the thousands from far-distant lands. Who gave the Prophet Joseph the authority to call them to gather to Zion? The actual keys of the gathering were bestowed upon Joseph in holy vision by an immortal being, Moses. He was the same Moses who led the children of Israel out of bondage. He held the keys of the gathering of Israel and had power to give this authority to Joseph.

Temple work for the dead is a great part of the mission of our Gospel. Who gave the Prophet Joseph authority to bind souls together in holy wedlock for time and all eternity? Could mere mortal thought give him this key? No. The sealing power was conferred upon him by a great, immortal messenger who held this authority. This was Elijah, a grand, good character of whom we read in the Bible.

The many revelations from God to Joseph again testify of His divine power. When we read them we feel in our souls the influence of God-spoken truth.

A Testimony

By Martha Hunsicker

After I had read "Mormon" literature and books which were especially selected by the lady missionaries and Elders, and other books which I drew from the public library on the social, political and religious side of "Mormonism," I decided it was really wonderful, but I could not believe Joseph Smith was a true prophet; therefore, I dismissed it entirely from my mind.

At that time I thought a prophet was a being somewhat like an angel, yet something mysterious about him, and I had always been taught the time of prophets was in the early days of which we read in the scriptures.

However, I paid no further attention to it until two years later, when, during my visit in the East, I again met the missionaries and they questioned me as to what I thought of their Church, and if I had ever prayed real earnestly that I would understand things more clearly. I admitted that I had not done so, for the reason that I would not bother with it any more. And still, in a way I seemed to feel that I would like to believe in it if I only could do so and feel right about it. So, I promised to pray about this matter, thinking if it was worth any consideration at all, it was surely worth praying for.

I kept my promise, and prayed as though my very life depended upon the answer, and that if there was such a thing as the spirit revealing to mankind the knowledge which would be a testimony to their dying day that this was in truth the Church of Christ and Joseph Smith a true prophet of God, I wanted that knowledge and testimony.

Now, how was I to receive this testimony; when and where? Well, I did not know, but I believed and had faith that I would receive it.

The following week mother and I

attended a series of Pastor Russel's photo plays of the creation of the world. It was shown in one of the largest and best theaters in Baltimore. The pictures started at the very beginning of creation. The soft flow and strains of music which came from the orchestra made these pictures very effective and very beautiful. It showed the earth revolving among the clouds and without form until the Spirit of God moved upon the face of the waters and God said, "Let there be light," etc., then continued to show the various periods of the world's history, the days of the prophets, of Christ and His apostles, and following them the Great Apostasy.

In order with the history in the Bible came the story of the widow of Zaraphath and her son (I Kings, 17th chapter). It showed the child wandering in the fields among the gleaners, when suddenly he became very ill from the intense heat of the sun, and fell over as one dead. He was hurried to the home of the widow and laid upon a couch. The mother, in her trying hour, seeing that none of the servants seemed to be able to do anything for the child, immediately sent for Elijah the Prophet, for he was a man of God. Elijah came with two of the field men, carrying a staff, and as he entered, the servants withdrew and the widow knelt down and kissed the hem of his garment and pointed to the child. The Prophet immediately went to the child, on whose head he put his hands, and talked to him, but no answer came. The Prophet then raised both hands to heaven and said: "O Lord my God, I pray thee to let this child's soul come into him again."

Just at this particular moment a thought came to me: Elijah is called a prophet of the Lord. Now, in what way does he differ from any other man? I

had read Dr. Talmage's definition of a prophet, in the "Articles of Faith," that a prophet was a man unto whom God reveals his mind and will, a man chosen to lead and guide God's people; but I had not understood and could not believe it. But while Elijah raised his hands to God and uttered this prayer, I believe I almost stopped breathing, and just at that very moment something said to me, "In like manner is Joseph Smith a Prophet of God."

I looked about me and turned to mother and said, "Did you speak to me just now?" She looked at me and said, "Why, no."

Well, I did not know what to think. Mother said she did not speak to me then, and judging from the tone in which she said so there was no doubt left there; and there was no one around me that I knew; and I absolutely did not imagine it, for that was the very thing I could not believe. Then in a moment I had it; I had received the very thing I had prayed

for. God had waited for the exact place and time when that knowledge would be revealed to me, and that, too, in such a way that I would know for a surety that it was from God. Immediately everything seemed to come clear and I could understand that it was the people who changed the ordinances and laws of the Gospel; but God is always the same and if it was necessary that the Priesthood and authority be upon the earth in the early days, it was necessary now, and for that reason the Gospel was restored and a prophet chosen.

I have received a better understanding of the Plan of Salvation, and I know that the Spirit of the Lord reveals these truths in various and different ways, and at times when they will impress us the strongest, according to our faith. Many people would call this just a mere fancy or the result of an unsettled condition of the mind, but to me it is a testimony that will stay with me as long as I live.

The Guilty Party

By Annie Malin

Jack Decker jumped over the back fence, and hurried to the kitchen door. He was a little late getting home and knew that his father would be displeased.

Jack's father was an "old-fashioned" man and believed in boys being home early, and also had an idea that children should respect the wishes of their elders.

As a rule Jack gave no occasion for fault-finding. He had been taught by a wise mother that he should respect his father's wishes, so acted accordingly.

Just as he reached the kitchen door he heard voices in front of the next house.

"I'll have you up before the Juvenile Court, you young reprobate," said

the angry voice of Mr. Bowman, who lived next door.

"I didn't do it," was the reply in a voice which Jack recognized as that of his chum, Jed Colman.

"It will do you no good to lie about it, young man," said the angry Mr. Bowman. "What were you doing in my yard with a gun just as a piece of the lamp fell, if you didn't do it? Tell me that."

"I wasn't in your yard," said Jed, "I was just passing as you opened the door."

"That won't do," said the man, "I'll be over to talk to your father in the morning. There's entirely too many of those guns in the neighborhood. Parents encourage their boys in mischief by allowing them to have them.

There's going to be a stop put to some of it and I'm going to be the one to begin it. I heard of two porch lamps broken last week."

Mr. Bowman went in and shut the door with a bang that brought a second piece of the broken porch lamp tumbling to the floor.

As Jed Colman walked away, Jack emerged from the shadow of the house where he had been a silent spectator of the scene.

"You're in for it now, Jed," he said in a low tone. "Mr. Bowman is a fright when he gets a grouch on. Didn't you know better than to shoot up his lamp?"

"I suppose you heard what I told him," said Jed sharply. "It was the truth, I didn't shoot his old lamp."

"How are you going to prove it?" asked Jack.

"I don't know," was the answer, "but I think it is a pity a fellow can't pass along the street without being blamed for a thing he didn't do."

"Look here, Jack!" Jed continued as a thought struck him. "What were you doing here, yourself? You didn't do the shooting, did you?"

Jack laughed. "I was just taking a short cut through the back garden when I heard you two talking," he explained.

"Can you prove it?" asked Jed, pointedly, and Jack laughed again.

"Well," he answered after a moment's pause, "I haven't a gun, as you know, Jed. My father is like Mr. Bowman; he doesn't think them a safe plaything for boys. His brother had an eye blinded by one of them, years ago. No, Jed, I didn't shoot the lamp, you'll have to guess again."

"Well, I didn't either, Jack," said Jed, as he turned away.

"Good night, Jed," said Jack pleasantly. "I don't believe you did it, but how are we going to prove it? I wish I had come in the front way, then I might have seen who did it."

Jack went back to the kitchen and

was not a bit surprised to find his father there waiting for him, for he had noticed the light was turned on.

"You are late, Jack," said Mr. Decker, as the boy closed the door.

"Yes, father," said Jack, "but it was not exactly my fault. I met Uncle Henry and he asked me to wait while he went in the house to write a note to you," and Jack handed his father a folded paper. "Then," he continued, "I heard Mr. Bowman giving Jed Colman the dickens for shooting his porch lamp. Jed denies it. Mr. Bowman is going to Jed's father in the morning."

"I heard something about it," said Mr. Decker. "Mr Bowman would almost wake the dead with that voice of his." Then he said with a sharp look at Jack, "Do you know anything about it, Jack?"

"No, sir," said Jack, "I came through the back lot, because I knew I was late, and Jed says he was just coming up the street as Mr. Bowman opened the door and accused him of shooting his lamp. I do hope Jed won't get into trouble."

After a moment's silence Mr. Decker said slowly. "I was waiting for you to come in, so I could go to sleep, when I heard Mr. Bowman talking. I went to the window and saw Jed standing there talking to him. Then I went to the kitchen door and heard someone coming through the lot. Expecting you to come in, for I supposed it to be you, I went back to my room. You didn't come in, so I went back to the kitchen door and looked through the glass in it. I thought I saw the bushes moving, across the path, and opened the door and went out. When I turned the corner of the kitchen I saw you standing in the shadow of the house. I went across the path to the clump of bushes and among them I found this." Mr. Decker opened the pantry door and brought out a gun.

Jack stared at the gun then at his father's face, and back again. "Whose

is it father?" he asked in bewilderment, then as a thought struck him, he turned again to his father. "You don't think I put the gun in the bushes do you, father?" he asked anxiously.

Mr. Decker looked at his son a moment before replying, "Can you prove you didn't my boy?"

Jack's face flushed hotly, he was a truthful boy and it couldn't be possible his own father doubted his word. He felt hurt and angry and his face showed it.

"Well, can you prove it?" his father asked again. "You know Jack, Jed was asked that question. I heard you ask it myself. We will have to produce our evidence you see, to help clear Jed, and I want to know who hid this gun in our bushes. Do you know anything about it?"

Jack looked squarely into his father's eyes and said earnestly, "I don't know the first thing about it, father. I hope you will believe me."

"I do believe you, my boy," was the answer, "but you see how easy it would be to think you were the guilty party. Mr. Bowman, I suppose, heard the crash of glass and upon looking out saw Jed with his gun. Naturally he thought Jed had broken it, so you see we must not be too hard on Mr. Bowman, either. If Jed didn't break the lamp, who did? You see Jack, it will seem to lie between you and Jed; between Jed's gun and this. If it was this one, who put it in the bushes? Whichever it was, we will have to tell about it in the morning."

Jack's face was a study, as he took a good look at that of his father. Then he examined the gun, which his father still held.

"Why, father," he exclaimed this is "Dad" Duncan's gun. I know it by that little mark in it."

"Are you sure?" questioned Mr. Decker anxiously, "Don't make any mistake about it, Jack."

"I'm positive," said Jack, "absolutely positive, but I'm just as positive 'Dad'

didn't shoot Mr. Bowman's lamp."

"Can you prove it?" asked his father.

"Why, father!" cried Jack, "that's how 'Dad' got his name. He's always trying to keep the kids from doing any damage with their guns and I know he didn't do it. They call him 'Dad' just because he won't do such things."

"Well," said Mr. Decker, "I hope you are right, on account of his mother. She has a hard time of it at best, being sick half the time, I'd hate to know her boy was the guilty party."

"Father," said Jack slowly, "I'm glad you didn't let me buy a gun."

"Well, my boy," returned his father kindly, "I'm glad I can trust your word; now go to bed, and we will see what can be done in the morning."

Jack said good night and went to bed, but not to sleep until nearly morning. He went over all the vexing questions which he knew would be asked. How could he prove his own innocence, or Jed's, or "Dad" Duncan's? He felt sure the latter was innocent, but who had hidden "Dad's" gun in the bushes and why? He tossed and turned and tried to sleep, and at last forgot his troubles by saying to himself, that his father, at least, was sure he had nothing to do with it.

Mr. Bowman, too, spent a sleepless night. He was determined the boys should be taught a lesson, and as soon as he was up he went down the street to the home of Jed Colman. Mr. Colman was surprised at the early visit but had already heard about the broken lamp from the boy himself.

"How do you know Jed is the guilty party?" asked Jed's father.

"Colman," said Mr. Bowman, "if you heard the glass fall and opened the door to see your boy with a gun in his hand what would you think?"

"Well, Jed denies it, and he is a pretty good boy," said Jed's father. "I'm perfectly willing to pay the dam-

age if you can prove Jed is the guilty party, but you'll have to prove it."

"I'll prove it all right," answered the irate Mr. Bowman, "and I'll make an example of him," and turned angrily away, only to see Mr. Decker and Jack, the former with a gun in his hand.

"You got ahead of me, Bowman," said Mr. Decker, pleasantly, "I've made a discovery."

Mr. Bowman looked at the gun, at his neighbor, and at Jack.

"Well, what is it? Is Jack the guilty party, after all?"

Jed, too, looked at Jack who returned his gaze fearlessly.

"I found this gun in a clump of bushes behind my house," said Mr. Decker, "Jack says he don't know how it came there, and I believe him."

"Can he prove it?" The question came from Mr. Bowman and Jed and Jack exchanged glances again.

"He says he knows nothing about how the gun came there," repeated Mr. Decker, "but he recognizes the gun. Jed, come here," and the wondering boy stepped forward.

"Look and see if you know whose gun it is," said Mr. Decker.

Jed took the gun up and examined it carefully, then gave a low whistle. "It's 'Dad's,'" he gasped; then he said "Well 'Dad' Duncan never shot up any porch lamp."

"He'll have to prove it, then," declared Mr. Bowman, emphatically.

"He certainly will have to try," said Mr. Decker, "but I do hate to upset Mrs. Duncan. Dr. Hill tells me her heart is in a bad way, and the boy is all she has; but look here, Bowman, can you prove this gun was the one used, anyhow? You know you didn't doubt Jed was the guilty party until I brought this gun."

"Well, I can prove the lamp was broken," snapped Mr. Bowman.

"Jack," said Mr. Decker, "just call 'Dad' out and get him over here with-

out saying anything about the trouble. We'll see what he has to say."

When "Dad" arrived on the scene and was questioned he would say nothing about it, only that the gun was his, but that he hadn't broken Mr. Bowman's lamp.

That was all they could get out of the boy, and the puzzled party allowed him to go home until they could decide upon the next move.

When they got to Mr. Bowman's home, they took a look at the broken lamp and the clump of bushes, but learned nothing from them. As they talked, several other boys gathered on the sidewalk wondering what was going on. Then Teddy Bowman came slowly around the house.

He walked up to his father with white face and trembling knees, for he knew his father's uncertain temper.

"I put the gun in the bushes father," he announced in trembling tones, "Dad" let me bring it home over night, because I begged so hard, and I was afraid to bring it in the house so I hid it in the bushes. I didn't know you found it or I would have told you before."

Mr. Bowman looked at the trembling boy, and thundered, "Now Teddy Bowman, tell me the truth! Did you shoot the lamp on the front porch?"

Before the boy could answer a shout of derision was heard from the boys on the side-walk.

"Why, he wouldn't dast to do it," volunteered "Red" Gordon, the "tough" of the neighborhood. "He's too scart of his dad."

Mr. Bowman flushed angrily; he had noticed the white face and trembling knees of his boy in contrast to the manly bearing of Jed and Jack. They evidently respected their fathers, and loved them, while Teddy seldom spoke to him if he could avoid it. Many thoughts flashed through his mind as he again demanded an answer to his question.

"No," said Teddy somewhat shakily,

but manfully too. "‘Dad’ told me not to shoot at anything, and I didn’t, I just wanted to play it was my gun and that I was a sentinel."

"Can you prove it, Teddy?" the question was asked by Mr. Decker, and his eyes were on Mr. Bowman’s face while a queer little smile showed on his lips.

Mr. Bowman looked at his son anxiously, but before Teddy could do more than shake his head an interruption came in the shape of Mr. Jenson, who had been working for Mr. Bowman. He came down the street with a ladder on his shoulder. He set the ladder by the porch and glanced up at the broken lamp. "Didn’t hurt anyone I hope," he said to Mr. Bowman, "I broke it yesterday: knocked the ladder against it. I’d have told you about it, only there was no one home. I’ll make it good. I really didn’t think it would fall, though."

Mr. Bowman looked from one of his neighbors to the other in embarrassment, then he said, "I beg your pardon,

boys," and then he looked at Teddy. "I’m glad you owned up to hiding the gun, Ted," he said, if they weren’t such dangerous things, I’d buy one for you."

"I’m glad too, Teddy," said Mr. Decker, and Jack opened his eyes in astonishment. "I saw you hide the gun in the bushes and go home, while I waited for Jack. I wanted to give you a chance to own up and so did "Dad" Duncan I reckon."

"Mr. Bowman," he said, holding out his hand, "I must confess I believed Ted was the guilty party for a time, and I beg his pardon and now let’s go home to breakfast then the boys can explain to ‘Dad’ Duncan."

There was no more to be said and they all dispersed. When Mr. Decker and Jack reached the kitchen door they exchanged glances. Mr. Bowman and Teddy were going around the house and the boy’s hand was clasped in that of his father.

"I don’t want any gun, father," they heard Teddy say, "I just want you."

A Patriarchal Blessing and its Fulfillment

By James W. Lesueur, President Maricopa Stake of Zion

While attending the Brigham Young Academy, in 1894, the Patriarch of the Church came to Provo and the writer, with many others, received a blessing. It was my first meeting with Patriarch John Smith, and, as I was only a common school-boy of 16 years, I am quite sure that he had never heard anything of me before. There were a dozen or more ahead of me, and I had the pleasure of hearing some very wonderful blessings given, and I prayed earnestly that mine would be a guide to me through life.

Among the other good things told me by this venerable seer, was that it would be my duty to guide the minds of the youth; that I would become qualified to teach, especially in the field

of religion, among the youth of the Church, that I would labor as a missionary upon the isles of the sea, that I would not be confounded in doctrine, as my arguments would be unanswerable; that I would be blessed with a great deal of this world’s goods to use in helping to feed the hungry, clothe the naked, provide for the fatherless and widows; that I would be called to preside as a common judge in Israel and to sit in counsel with my brethren and also that I would have a companion given me and that to us would be born children that would be an honor to us.

The part enumerated has had almost complete fulfillment. I have spent the greater portion of my time that I

could spare from gaining a livelihood, in guiding the minds of the youth, having been a teacher in three Sunday schools, principal of two ward Religion Classes, class leader in two Mutual Improvement Associations, Superintendent of M. I. A. of a Stake, Assistant Superintendent in two Stakes, in the M. I. A., Presidency of two wards, Superintendent of a Sunday school of over seven hundred members, besides ward and stake clerkships, Priesthood quorum class leaderships, home missionary in two Stakes and for six and a half years President of the Maricopa stake. For the past four years I have been President of the Maricopa stake Seminary, a school for the teaching of religion.

In 1898 I was called upon a mission to the British Isles and labored on the Isles of England, Jersey and Guernsey—the isles of the sea. During that time it was my fortune to meet up with a number of ministers and truly the Lord inspired me upon those occasions and I can testify that because of the Lord's assistance I was "never confounded in doctrine" as the Spirit of the Lord caused my arguments to be unanswerable.

My worldly possessions have been sufficient to enable me to help the needy, the fatherless and the widows as I have felt that I was only a steward to care for the material things that I have been blessed with. Particularly during the coming of the Saints from Mexico and during these war troubles have I had opportunity to help.

In March, 1902, I was called to fill the vacancy as President of the Maricopa Stake of Zion and have had occasion to labor as a "common judge" several times, sitting in counsel with my brethren, in which duty, if I have accomplished good the credit is due the Lord for His guidance.

In May, 1902, Miss Anna M. Anderson and I were joined in wedlock in the Salt Lake Temple and the Lord has blessed us with six children.

The Patriarch had also told me that I would live "upon the earth when the elements would run lawless, when fire, plague and flood would do their work." The great Galveston flood, the earthquakes of San Francisco and Messina, the famines, plagues, wars and "Influenza" plague of the last four years fulfill this part of the patriarch's words.

All of this part of the blessing more or less pertains to earthly or material things. The Patriarch did not confine himself to the affairs of this earth, but told of a vision to the other world. Said he:

"At the touch of thy guardian angel, thy spiritual vision shall be quickened. Thou shalt look beyond this world into a world of spirits and commune with thy dead for their redemption."

Here was the most wonderful part of the blessing and I am indeed happy and rejoice in the fulfillment in the following manner:

Just prior to going upon a mission I visited with my brother, Frank, who was attending the Brigham Young Academy. Before parting we held each other's hands and pledged that we would do our duty toward the work of the Lord and in the salvation of our kindred, both living and dead. After laboring for a year in the Leeds Conference, I was transferred to the Channel Isles, from whence had come my foreparents on my father's side. While in Jersey and Guernsey I was blessed in obtaining the names of hundreds of my kindred who had died without a knowledge of the gospel. In this I was particularly blessed. Four different times I asked the Lord to lead me to gather the next link in the genealogical chain and four times I was impressed to go to the very parish containing the desired names and data.

After I had gathered back to the date of beginning of record-keeping in the Islands, 1620, and had been in the missionary field twenty-six months, I received the following cablegram from

the President of the European Mission, Elder Platte D. Lyman:

"Released. Outlaws killed Frank. Can you sail on Anchoria Saturday."

I was simply horror-struck. Frank had been called upon a mission and was to leave for the field, though none had as yet been assigned, as soon as I returned and had a brief visit with him. Now he was killed. In my sorrow I asked the Elders to pray for me. We knelt around my bed and each one prayed for me, then I prayed. In answer and while still upon my knees I heard a voice as plainly as I had ever heard anything and was told that my brother was chosen to take charge of missionary work among my relatives. Immediately I was led to praise the Lord, for among all my relatives I knew of none who could have charge of that great and wonderful work better than Frank.

Coming home I tried to comfort my grief-stricken parents and brothers and sisters. I felt, though, I should like to see Frank, and I plead with the Lord several times to grant me that blessing. My brother, at the time of his death, was in charge of my father's sheep interests in the mountains and while coming in for supplies in a mountain town, Springerville, 35 miles from St. Johns, my home at that time, found the sheriff of the county making up a posse to go after seven outlaws who were passing a few miles below on the way to commit some depredation. In that bunch it was claimed was the noted "Butch" Cassidy. While in the posse, the next day Frank and Elder Augustus A. Gibbons were ambushed on the trail and murdered.

While my father and I were visiting the sheep camp in the beautiful White Mountains we both spoke so many times of Frank and I felt like he was with us. Just before going to bed I went a short distance away among the pines and knelt down and asked again that I might see my brother.

Returning to my bed I retired and while contemplating upon the feeling that Frank was near, my spirit left my body and I saw it lying by the side of my father. A personage dressed in white, whom I understood to be my guardian angel, beckoned me to follow him. We traveled with lightning-like speed and in a few moments arrived in a great city in which, I was told, lived the spirits of those who had died without hearing the Gospel. We approached a large, beautiful building and the door opened and we entered and were welcomed in the door-way by a young lady. My guardian angel in introducing me informed me that she had been killed while living upon the earth, in mortality, that she was a relative of mine, and was now laboring among my relatives who had not accepted the Gospel, and that all the people in the room were relatives of mine. I looked over the congregation and estimated that there were about as many present as were accommodated by the great Tabernacle at General Conference time.

Presently I heard speaking in the center of the room, the seating being arranged one tier above the other like an ampitheatre and the speaker being easily seen and heard by all. How similar was this sermon to the one on the first principles of the gospel as delivered by our missionaries, except when the subject of baptism was spoken of, he said that as baptism was an ordinance that should be attended to by those in mortality, that it was necessary for a relative or friend to be baptized for them, vicariously. It was a splendid presentation of the principles of salvation. When the speaker finished he turned around and smiled at me and I saw that he was my brother Frank. Oh, what joy beamed from his countenance! I felt that any sacrifice I would be called to make would not be too great, if afterward came such happiness. My soul yearned to earn the privilege of such bless-

edness as was his in his truly grand work.

He bowed slightly toward me and I noticed that by his side was a young lady. I wondered who she was and was told by my accompanying angel that she was to be my brother's wife. I was then shown into other rooms in the large building and other relatives who had never been taught the truth, and was impressed with the greatness of the work of proclaiming the Gospel to the departed spirits and of the necessity of attending to the vicarious work for them in the Temples of the Lord.

After passing through the building, I was told by the angel guide that we would go back to my body, which we did in the fleetness of lightning, and in a moment were by the mountain camp. There lay my body by the side of my father. My guardian smiled and after a moment's unconsciousness my spirit entered my body and I sat up.

Was this not in fulfillment of the Patriarch's blessing, that at the touch of my guardian angel my spiritual vision should be quickened and that I should look beyond this world of flesh into the world of spirits and commune with my dead for their redemption?

Since that time in connection with other relatives I have done work for hundreds of my kinsmen "of the spirit prison." The glimpse of the other side has caused me to be more diligent in doing my part toward the redemption

of my dead, and I hope to do a great deal more

Who was the young lady at the door-way who had been killed while in mortality? I knew of no such a relative but on telling my mother of my vision and describing the young lady, she said she was my cousin, Margaret Odekirk, who was killed, having been thrown from a horse, her foot catching in the stirrups, and after being dragged several blocks was taken up dead.

Who was the young lady by my brother's side who was to be his wife? It was made plain a few months after when Mrs. C. I. Kempe came to our home and told us that her daughter, who had died prior to that time, had asked on her death-bed that she be sealed (married) to Frank Lesueur who had been killed; that they had been very friendly at Provo, that she wanted him and knew it would be all right with Frank. I had not seen Jennie for many years, since she was a little girl, in fact, but when shown her picture and getting a full description of her I was quite sure it was Jennie who was with Frank. My brother-in-law and my sister attended to their work in the Salt Lake Temple and were married for them vicariously.

In this way my Patriarchal Blessing has been thus far fulfilled and I am truly thankful to the Lord for the added testimony that has come to me as the words spoken upon my head have been realized.

The Joy of Living

With all my heart I believe in the joy of living; but those who achieve it do not seek it as an end in itself, but as a seized and prized incident of hard work well done and of risk and danger never wantonly courted, but never shirked when duty commands that they be faced. And those who have earned joy, but are rewarded only with sorrow, must learn the stern comfort dear to great souls, the comfort that springs from the knowledge taught in times of iron that the law of worthy living is not fulfilled by pleasure, but by service and by sacrifice when only thereby can service be rendered.—*Theodore Roosevelt.*

TRUE PIONEER STORIES

Contributed by Daughters of Utah Pioneers

Incidents in President Woodruff's Missionary Life.

By Jean

In these days, when we are accustomed to attending social affairs in honor of some missionary who is going abroad to proclaim the Gospel of Christ, and we see the many tokens of friendship lavished upon the young Elder, both in words of praise and in a financial way that helps to make it possible for him to go, we are apt to forget the teachings and fireside talks our parents gave us of their early experiences, when, as volunteers they went forth without purse or scrip, but filled with the spirit of their calling, to warn a world of its peril. Those early missionaries braved hardship and mob violence, hunger and prison fare to carry the wonderful message that had been given them through prayer and fasting and the grace of their Heavenly Father. Books there are in number telling of these sacrifices, and in one of these, written by the late President Wilford Woodruff, may be found tales rivalling in fiction the wildest of imaginings—"Leaves from my Journal," a book so filled with days of adventure, so replete with marvelous manifestations of a divine nature that reading them causes wonder that one endured it all and yet lived to write them down.

President Woodruff has often said: "My hardest day's work was when as a boy I traveled from Illinois to Missouri with a companion to preach to a people who had mobbed and persecuted the 'Mormons' for years." Conditions had compelled these two daring young boys to start on a sixty mile tramp without a cent in their pockets and no food, and after eight hours of walking over prairie land

without even seeing a small stream of water, they reached the timber where even their stout hearts hesitated a moment to enter, for fear of being lost in the wilderness of big trees. But while debating upon which path to take, they heard the crackling of underbush, and to their horror saw a huge black bear making his way towards them. They were stricken with fear, but in a moment both felt they were in God's hands. They were His messengers and He would protect them. They faced Mr. Bruin with calm eyes, and he seemed to be as much surprised as they were. Resting on his haunches he surveyed them leisurely and quietly ambled off. With a sigh of gratitude they struck into the thicket, walking until darkness overtook them. Weary to exhaustion they laid down for an hour's rest, but the howling of wolves soon roused them to action. In quicker time than it takes to tell it, they were surrounded by these animals, and only the prompt gathering of twigs and oak limbs to which they set fire, and which had the effect of frightening the wolves, saved them from being eaten up. Timber wolves are savage creatures and must be fought with fire arms, but our heroes had neither guns nor ammunition. They trusted to the effect of fire which produces fear in all animals, and to their Heavenly Father, who had saved them a few hours before from another enemy as fierce as the wolves. Can it be doubted that their Guardian Angels were near to protect them, and that an unseen power was watching over them? Again trying to get the rest they so needed, the barking of a dog and the tinkle of a cowbell could be heard in the distance. Following the sound, and carrying lighted torches, they

soon came in sight of a poor log hut, without doors or window panes. A blanket served as a door to protect the dwellers of this miserable place from wild animals and the elements. Stepping inside, they saw a rickety bed on which lay a woman and several children. A man was stretched out on the bare floor, his feet to a slowly dying fire. His heavy sleep was unbroken by their entrance. But the moment Mr. Woodruff touched him he jumped to his feet and began running around in the most distracted way, mumbling and evidently trying to find some weapon to protect himself. Bedlam seemed let loose. The crying children, frightened woman and the barking dogs, which seemed to spring from every corner of the room, added to the confusion, and only the calm attitude of the travelers and assurances of their friendliness calmed the man down to a normal condition. He explained he had shot a panther a few hours before and thought its mate had followed him to the house. When told by the strangers that all they wanted was something to eat and a place to sleep, he freely offered them the bare floor as a bed, but said he

could give them no food as he had not even a crust for his own children, and must go out and kill game before they could eat in the morning.

At daybreak the three men started forth, the host guiding them some distance and giving them directions. They walked 12 miles before reaching a farm house where the family were preparing breakfast. At once they were recognized as "Mormon" Missionaries and as was the custom of Missourians in that day, the strangers were invited to eat. The Elders did not refuse the invitation and while the man openly reviled them, cursing their Prophet and the Mission they were on, their appetites were so keen and the food so tempting they ate until satisfied. Then taking their packs they courteously thanked the family for their hospitality and continued their journey. At noon of that day they arrived at their destination and were met by friends of the same faith, who gave them food and shelter until they were able to resume their travel. Their great faith in God preserved them, and they acknowledged His hand in it all.

The March Wind's Message

By Annie Malin

Oh, what does the March wind say to you?
Do you think its message is always true?
"I'll scatter the snow and the ice with a shake,
And call to the flowers, Awake! Awake!
I'll whistle the robins and bid them fly
Where the air is clear and blue the sky.
Then I'll ruffle their feathers nor ever stop
Till I dance on the trees at the very top.

"I'll chase last summer's leaves away
And shout aloud to the sunbeams gay.
I'll romp with the children far and near,
And say to them, 'Listen, the spring is here.' "
Oh, this is the message the March-wind brings,
And this is the song the March-wind sings:
"Ho! ho!" it is singing, "Ho! ho! Ho! ho!"
"I'll waken the flowers down under the snow."

TRAINING LITTLE CHILDREN

*Suggestions by Mothers who have been Kindergartners. Issued by the
United States Bureau of Education, Washington, D. C.*

Patriotism Through Play.

By Carolyn Sherwin Bailey

Every child loves the toys that have to do with soldiering, loves to watch a parade and has an ideal of soldierhood in his heart as a form of patriotic service to be emulated and practiced. These instinctive interests of childhood are guideposts for us in education. Find out what your child likes to play and likes to play with and then see how the interest can be used for the child's best development.

The toy sword should be a symbol of defense of the right and of protection of the weak rather than just a plaything that stimulates rough amusement. So, also, may the toy soldier, like the soldier of this story, represent for little children those qualities that combine in the true soldier for patriotic service.

THE TRAVELS OF THE LITTLE TOY SOLDIER

He was the largest and the best dressed and the bravest looking of all the toy soldiers in the toy shop. Some of the toy soldiers were made of paper and these tore easily if they even tried to drill. Some of the toy soldiers were made of tin and these bent if they had an encounter. But this toy soldier, who stood head and shoulders above the others was made of wood. He had once been part of a great pine tree that stood in the forest, and his heart was as brave and true as the heart of the tree.

His trousers were painted green with yellow stripes and his jacket was painted red with gold buttons. He wore a painted blue cap upon the side of his head with a band that went

under his chin, and he carried a wooden gun in one arm. He could stand alone, for his wooden legs were glued to a block of wood, and his eyes were black and shining and his mouth was painted in a smile.

When the Toy Soldier went from the toy shop to live in Gregory's house the little boy thought that he had never seen such a fine soldier in his life. He made him captain of all the soldier ninepins and guard of the toy train, and he took him to bed with him at night. Then, one day, James, who lived next door and was Gregory's neighbor, came over to play with Gregory.

"What a nice Toy Soldier!" James said.

"Yes, he's mine," Gregory said.

"May I play with him?" James asked.

"No, I said he was my Toy Soldier," Gregory answered.

"Then I'll take him," James said.

"I won't let you," Gregory said.

Then the two little boys began pulling the Toy Soldier to see which could get him away from the other, and the Toy Soldier did not like it at all. He was fond of a good battle, but not of a quarrel. He decided that he would not stay in a house where there was a quarrelsome boy and so he tumbled out of a window that was close by and fell, down, down to the street below.

The Toy Soldier had not lain long on the sidewalk when Harold passed by and picked him up.

"I wanted a Toy Soldier and here is the finest one I ever saw," Harold said, and he slipped the soldier inside his coat and started on, for he was going to school. The Toy Soldier lay close to Harold's watch that was tick, tick, ticking the time away, but Harold loitered and at last he stopped to play a game of marbles with another little

boy whom he met. "I don't care if I am late for school," he said.

"Oho!" thought the Toy Soldier, and as the two little boys played he dropped out from under Harold's coat and into the gutter. When Harold reached school, late, the Toy Soldier was gone.

Joe found the Toy Soldier in the gutter and ran home with him to his mother.

"I have a Toy Soldier!" he said.

"How brave he looks," said Joe's mother.

All the rest of the day the Toy Soldier went about with Joe and listened to what he said and watched what he did.

"I can't go to the grocer's; I'm afraid of his dog."

"I can't put in that nail. I am afraid that the hammer will slip and hit my finger." This was what the Toy Soldier heard. Then it was Joe's bedtime and the Toy Soldier went upstairs with him to bed, but Joe cried all the way.

"I'm afraid of the dark!" he said.

When Joe was asleep the Toy Soldier slipped out of his hand and fell into a scrap basket. He knew very

well that he couldn't stay with a child who was a coward.

No one saw the Toy Soldier when the basket was emptied in the morning. He went with the scraps into a huge bag and then into a wagon, and then into a factory where men sorted the cloth to make it into paper. One of these men found the Toy Soldier and took him home to his little boy, who was lame and had to stay alone all day.

"Has it been a good day, John?" his father asked.

"Oh, yes!" laughed John as he hugged the Toy Soldier.

"You have my supper ready just in time," his father said, watching the soup bubbling in a shining pot on the stove.

"And I cleaned a little and set the table," John said.

"Has your back hurt you very much today?" asked his father.

"A little, but I don't mind that," John said. "See how fine the Toy Soldier looks standing on the table!"

"Oho!" thought the Toy Soldier, "now I have found a place where I can stay. Here is another soldier, cheerful and willing to work and brave!"

A Glimpse

By "*Mormona*"

I toiled alone, nor loved the weary world,
Nor aught but ugliness around could see,
Until a train steamed swiftly up to me
And passed—its smoky plumes of speed unfurled—
Away its varied human freight it whirled;
But ere it left me there, a hand waved free,
A friendly face smiled sweet and merrily.
I smiled and waved my hand, and loved the world.
For this is life:—Forgot, we toil alone
As swift time whirls its human freight along,
A merry smile, a passing friendly wave
Of hand we catch,—and joy instead of moan.
Faith, hope, and love inspire a happy song
And toil grows light and heart grows truly brave.



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SALT LAKE CITY,

MARCH, 1919

Stand by Our Colors

Ever since the signing of the armistice and the beginning of the conference to establish peace, newspapers and magazines have been filled with articles concerning the changed conditions soon to be expected in all walks of life as a result of the world war. If we are to believe some writers nothing is ever going to be the same

again. There will be change in diet, apparel, amusements, education, etc. Even our habits of thought will be regulated differently. Many of these prophecies concerning the future will no doubt be fulfilled. We have certainly learned some things concerning dietetics. The wonderful conservation plans of the government have taught us a few lessons. Some of our extravagant notions concerning dress have also been changed by the necessities of the war. Moreover, there has been engendered in the lives of most people a new and uplifting feeling of self-sacrifice. Men and women have devoted themselves more than ever before in the history of the world to the welfare of others. The claim that money was the ruling passion in America has been overthrown. The soul of the nation has been found and expressed in its war aims. These circumstances and many others will naturally produce countless changes, and there will be readjustments of much in our lives.

But we must remember that there are some things which do not change. Truth will always remain the same; virtue cannot be modified. The laws of God will still remain immutable.

We, as Latter-day Saints and Sunday School workers, must remember that God has revealed Himself in this day, and that the occurrences of the last two years have stamped the seal of truth upon the revelations given to the world through the Prophet Joseph Smith. Instead of suggesting change the events of the war have shown the necessity of a stricter obed-

ience to the laws and ordinances of the Gospel as so revealed. We can consistently accept all the coming changes which will be for our uplift and which will raise the standards of living, but we cannot accept those which may come in conflict with the revelations of God to man. In such circumstances we have only one duty to fulfil—to stand by our colors.

The Choristers' Opportunity

In our opinion the success which has attended community singing at home and in the army will be reflected to a large extent in our Sunday Schools and worshiping assemblies. The soldiers will bring back from the camps an enthusiastic support of community singing, and the work that has been done at home will be a great help in our meetings now that we are permitted to resume work. We believe the conditions offer a great encouragement to those engaged in the musical department of our Sunday Schools. Music is largely the life and soul of our work. This awakened sentiment, we believe, will furnish to the choristers of our Sunday Schools the greatest opportunities of their lives, and we hope these opportunities will not be neglected.

Loyalty

Loyalty is that quality which prompts a person to be true to the thing he undertakes. It means definite direction, fixity of purpose, steadfastness. Loyalty supplies power, poise, purpose, ballast, and works for health and success. Nature helps the loyal man. If you are careless, slipshod, indifferent, nature assumes that you wish to be a nobody, and grants your desire. Success hinges on loyalty. Be true to your art, your business, your employer, your "house." Loyalty is for the one who is loyal. It is a qual-

ity woven through the very fabric of one's being, and never a thing apart. Loyalty makes the thing to which you are loyal yours. Disloyalty removes it from you. Whether anyone knows of our disloyalty is really of little moment either one way or the other. The real point is, how does it affect ourselves? Work is for the worker. Art is for the artist. The menial is a man who is disloyal to his work. All useful service is raised to the plane of art when love for task—loyalty—is fused with the effort—The Era.

Don't Disappoint Yourself

It is possible to satisfy all the world but to disappoint yourself, and this is one of the most unsatisfactory things we know of. You may look to everybody to be making a huge success, but if you are working with a secret motive which is wrong—you will never be satisfied. You've got to keep faith with yourself. You've got to know that your intentions are fair and decent. You've got to know that you are not working for money or glory alone. If you have that feeling you will be unhappy. But if you can say, "I'm living and acting in a manner that I believe to be right," then you have a real success. A thousand dollars a year with this feeling is better than a million dollars and self-dissatisfaction.—*The American Boy*.

For Father

Why beholdest thou the cigarette that is in thy son's mouth and considerest not the cigar that is in thine own mouth? Or wilt thou say to thy son, "Let me pull out the cigarette of thy mouth;" and behold a cigar is in thine own mouth? Thou hypocrite! First cast out the cigar out of thine own mouth, and then shalt thou be prepared to cast the cigarette out of thy son's mouth—*The Missionary World*.

SUNDAY SCHOOL WORK



Superintendents' Department

General Superintendency, David O. McKay, Stephen L. Richards and Geo. D. Pyper

SACRAMENT GEM FOR MAY, 1919

While of these emblems we partake
In Jesus' name and for His sake,
Let us remember and be sure
Our hearts and hands are clean and
pure.

CONCERT RECITATION FOR MAY, 1919

(Exodus 20:12)

Honor thy father and thy mother: that
thy days may be long upon the land
which the Lord thy God giveth thee.

SUGGESTIVE PROGRAM FOR MOTHERS' DAY,

MAY 11, 1919

(Note.—It is suggested that Fast Day exercises for May be omitted and that all departments, on May 4th, take up the regular lesson for the day, leaving May 11th open for "Mother's Day" exercises. Stake Boards, if they so desire, may formulate "Mother's Day" programs for their own schools, or, if this is not done local schools may arrange their own exercises. The following suggestions, however, somewhat similar to those published last year, are offered to those who desire help.)

1. Preliminary organ music.
2. Abstract of minutes.
3. Notices.
4. Song, "Love at Home."
5. Invocation by young mother.
6. Appropriate song.
7. Sacrament gem.
8. Administration of Sacrament

9. Concert Recitation (Exodus 20:12).
10. Music.
11. Carnation service.

All mothers should be grouped on the platform, the older mothers in the place of honor. To the accompaniment of soft organ music, Intermediate girls, dressed in white, or returned soldier boys, should give to each mother a white carnation. School should then recite the following:

So let our white carnations fair
A loving greeting to you bear,
And may the fragrant flowers say
Glad welcome all on Mother's Day.

12. Brief Story of a Bible mother—Pupil of First Intermediate department.
13. Concert Recitation—By School.
For mother just for mother
The white carnation wear,
For mother, just for mother,
This day so bright and fair;
That God may bless our mothers,
With earnest hearts we pray :
Our greetings bring, our songs we sing
On Mother's Day.

14. Brief story of a modern mother.—
Pupil Second Intermediate department.
15. Scripture reading: "My son, keep the commandment of thy father, and forsake not the law of thy mother" (Proverbs 6:20), Second Intermediate class.
16. Song (D. S. S., No. 184, suggested).
17. Sentiment by pupil.
18. Sentiment by school or pupil.
19. Sentiment by pupil (a few sentiments are published on this page to choose from).
20. By School:
"Mother, that precious name,
Forevermore the same—
Earth's sweetest word."
21. Song, No. 145 or 83.
22. Benediction.

Sentiments for Mother's Day

A mother is a mother still—the holiest thing alive.—Coleridge.

All that I am, my mother made me.—
J. Q. Adams.

The mother's heart is the child's schoolroom.—Beecher.

A babe is a mother's anchor.—Beecher.

One good mother is worth a hundred school masters.—George Herbert.

Youth fades; love droops; the leaves of friendship fall;

A mother's secret hope outlives them all.
—Oliver Wendell Holmes.

The bearing and the training of a child is woman's wisdom.—Tennyson.

A woman's love
Is mighty, but a mother's heart is weak,
And by its weakness overcomes.

—James Russell Lowell.

O wondrous power! how little understood,—

Entrusted to the mother's mind alone,
To fashion genius, form the soul for good,

Inspire a West, or train a Washington!
—Mrs. Hale.

In after-life you may have friends—
fond, dear friends; but never will you
have again the inexpressible love and
gentleness lavished upon you which none
but a mother bestows.—Macaulay.

All that I am or ever hope to be I owe
to my angel mother.—Lincoln.

The tie which links mother and child
is of such pure and immaculate strength
as to be never violated, except by those
whose feelings are withered by vitiated
society. Holy, simple, and beautiful in
its construction, it is the emblem of all
we can imagine of fidelity and truth.—
Washington Irving.

Mighty is the force of motherhood!
It transforms all things by its vital heat;
it turns timidity into fierce courage, and
dreadless defiance into tremulous submission;
it turns thoughtlessness into foresight,
and yet stills all anxiety into calm content;
it makes selfishness become self-denial,
and gives even to hard vanity
the glance of admiring love.

—George Elliot.

There is none,
In all this cold and hollow world, no
fount

Of deep, strong, deathless love, save that
within

A mother's heart.

—Mrs. Hemans.

Men are what their mothers made
them.—Emerson.

I would desire for a friend the son who
never resisted the tears of his mother.—
Lacretelle.

No language can express the power
and beauty and heroism of a mother's
love.—Chapin.

Who ran to help me when I fell,
And would some pretty story tell,
Or kiss the place to make it well?
My mother.—Jane Taylor.

Resumption of Sunday School Work

It was expected that all Latter-day
Saints' Sunday Schools would resume
work on Sunday, February 9, except in
localities where, in the judgment of the
local presiding authorities, health conditions made it unwise to do so.

On account of the long period of closing and consequent interference with the regular Sunday School plan of study, it was also suggested that except in the Parents' department classes begin with the lessons provided for January, using two lessons each Sunday until the regular schedule is reached. The Kindergarten department, if the teachers so desire,

may use the regular lessons provided for each month instead of starting with January. The following are the lessons and text books for 1919:

Departments

Parents' Department—It is recommended that the classes, beginning February, 1919, take the four months' lessons prepared on "The Gospel of Parenthood" as outlined in the *Juvenile Instructor*, August, 1918.

Theological Department—First Year, "The Apostles of Jesus Christ" (Anderson); Third Year, "Old Testament Studies" (Tanner), Vol. 2.

Advanced Theological—"A New Witness for God" (Roberts), Vol. 1.

Second Intermediate Department—First Year, "A Young Folks' History of the Church" (Nephi Anderson); Third Year, "What it Means to be a Mormon" (Adam Bennion).

First Intermediate Department—First Year, Book of Mormon, (lessons in *Juvenile Instructor*); Third Year, "A Life of Christ for the Young" (Weed).

Primary Department—"Stories from the Old Testament."

Kindergarten Department—"Sunday Morning in the Kindergarten" (First Year).

The outlines for all lessons will be found in the *Juvenile Instructor* from one to two months ahead.

Teacher-Training Department

Milton Bennion, chairman; Howard R. Driggs and Adam S. Bennion

Teacher-Training for all Organizations

The following letter—self-explanatory—has been sent to the Bishops of the Church:

"As perhaps, you know, the Deseret Sunday School Union has for some time been giving teacher-training for the purpose of assisting in the development of a better working knowledge of some of the fundamentals of teaching.

"Wherever this training has been fairly tested it has proved to be a real stepping stone in helping officers to understand more clearly and definitely the art of teaching and has given power to present in a more logical and interesting way the lessons it is desired should be taught in the Sunday Schools.

"Other auxiliary organizations in the Church, realizing the necessity and value of teacher-training, and observing the good results in the Sunday Schools from systematic and continuous effort to improve its teaching force, desire the benefit of similar efforts, and the correlation committee was asked to propose some plan that might bring about the desired results.

"The Correlation Committee, after due consideration recommends that teacher-training be provided for all the workers in all the auxiliary organizations in the Church, that weekly classes be established in every ward under the immediate leadership of the Sunday School, the most convenient time, day or evening, to be set by the Bishop and the class in each ward. However, the Correlation

Committee suggests that where there is no conflict with Priesthood meetings the class meet Sunday at 9 a. m. and continue for one hour and twenty minutes.

"A very large measure of the success of this class will depend on the leader, so the suggestion is offered that the person best qualified by personality and training be chosen to fill this important position.

"A manual, 'The Art of Teaching,' by Elder Howard R. Driggs, is now completed, containing twenty-four lessons, setting forth the key thoughts, the subject matter, and the methods to be adopted in teaching. Such teacher-training is sorely needed and will be of incalculable value to all who have to teach in the auxiliary organizations of the Church.

"We are sure that you will appreciate these lessons because they contain correct methods of teaching arranged specifically to teach the principles of our faith.

"We suggest that you take the initiative in seeing that this class shall be established in your ward.

"In order that there may be uniformity throughout the Church it is proposed that these classes begin the first week in February, 1919, (or as soon as all meetings are holding regular sessions) and that all auxiliaries unite in regular weekly meetings thereafter.

Very sincerely yours,

The Correlation Committee,

David O. McKay,
Chairman."

The Sunday School's Part in the New Teacher-Training Classes

The following letter, sent by the General Board to stake superintendents and Boards, indicates the responsibility of the Sunday Schools in regard to the new teacher-training movement:

"You will learn by the enclosed letter, a copy of which is being forwarded to all the Bishops in the Church, that a plan has been adopted by the General Boards of the auxiliary organizations of the Church for classes in teacher-training.

"These classes are to be established to give every person who is called to be a teacher an opportunity to understand and apply the fundamental principles of teaching.

"The text book, 'The Art of Teaching,' should be carefully studied by every Stake Board worker so that intelligent constructive assistance may be given when necessary.

"It is suggested that your Board organize a teacher-training class for yourselves, so that you will know how to supervise effectively the work in your schools.

"As far as is possible and practicable, the teacher-training class is to take the place of the regular preparation meeting in the ward. It is the desire of the General Boards of the auxiliary organizations of the Church to make more effective the labors of the teaching force of the Church rather than to increase the demands already made upon their time.

"The text book contains twenty-four lessons, two for each month. The lessons are general in their treatment of the principles of teaching, and so it will be necessary for each organization to make its own specific application to the course of study now being pursued.

"The following plan is given as a suggestion for the program or order of business in the conduct of the classes.

First Sunday in the month 9 a. m.

1. Singing.
2. Prayer.
3. Singing.
4. Instructions and notices.
5. Consideration of teacher-training lesson under the direction of the class leader. 50 minutes.
6. Assignments.
7. Benediction. 10:15 a. m.

Second Sunday 9 a. m.

Order of business same as previous Sunday up to and including No. 4.

5. Separation into auxiliary departments.
6. Separation into classes.

- A. Executive session-time 40 minutes.

All business pertaining to Sunday School to be considered, particularly:

- a. Consideration of officers at teacher-training class, at the regular session of the Sunday School, attitude towards class, interest in lessons, success in teaching etc.

- b. Consideration of members: Are all enrolled who should be long? Are they receiving actual good from the plan of work assigned to the Sunday School?

- c. Appointments for visits to delinquents and non-members.

- d. Other business pertaining to the Sunday School.

- B. Classes, as many as necessary, session 40 minutes.

- a. Consideration of lessons to be taught in your Sunday School for the succeeding two weeks.

- b. Discussion of application of teacher-training to lessons to be taught in your Sunday School.

- C. Assignments.

7. Announcements from executive officers.

8. Benediction in departments, 10:15 a. m.

"These two programs are to alternate, every fifth Sunday program to be arranged by each Stake Board.

"When the class divides into auxiliary divisions, there may be some difficulty because some workers hold office in more than one organization. To overcome this difficulty it is the recommendation of the General Boards that presiding officials be not interfered with, and that where necessary more workers be called into service so that no teacher will serve in more than one organization. It is further recommended that where an individual holds more than one position the right of choice be given; as better results will be obtained if inclination and duty go hand in hand.

"The General Boards assume that every Stake will hail with joy this very splendid and progressive step forward in the conduct of auxiliary work in the Church, and that the enthusiastic and necessary follow-up work will be generously given to urge its establishment and development.

Very sincerely yours,
Deseret Sunday School Union Board.

Theological Department

Elias Conway Ashton, chairman; Milton Bennion, John M. Mills, Geo. H. Wallace, Edwin G. Woolley, Jr.

First Year—Lives of the Apostles

LESSONS FOR MAY

Text. "The Apostles of Jesus Christ,"
by Edward H. Anderson.

First Sunday, May 4

Lesson 13. The Growth of the Church in Jerusalem

1. Peter's Pentecostal sermon.
2. Growth of the Church after Pentecost.
3. Healing of the lame man the beginning of trouble.
4. Peter's address to the people.

Second Sunday, May 11 "Mother's Day" Exercises

Third Sunday, May 18

Lesson 14. The Growth of the Church in Jerusalem (Continued)

1. The Apostles before the Sanhedrin.
2. Peter's answer to the rulers.
3. Power given in answer to prayer.
4. All things in common.
5. Ananias and Sapphira

Fourth Sunday, May 25

Lesson 15. The Growth of the Church in Jerusalem (Continued)

1. Teachings and miracles leading to the spread of the Gospel.
2. The Apostles persecuted.
3. Gamaliel's speech.
4. The Pharisees.

Third Year--Old Testament Studies

LESSONS FOR MAY

First Sunday, May 4

Lesson 13. Joseph Sold into Egypt Gen. 37, 39, 40.

1. Native Tribes of Canaan.
2. Jacob Settles at Hebron—Joseph's Career opens there.
3. Joseph's Boyhood.
 - a. Commences life as his father's favorite son.

Does a parent usually love one of his sons more than another? If not what justification was there for Jacob's feelings toward Joseph?

- b. Joseph a tattler.
Was he a common talebearer?

- c. His dreams and their significance.
Do these exemplify any egotism or self conceit?

4. He Incurs the Enmity of his Brothers.

Does this seem to be the fate of those whom God has chosen at divers times to perform important missions?

5. Joseph goes to Shechem to Spy on His Brothers.

- a. Their Contempt for him.
- b. Their plans respecting him.
- c. Joseph's treatment and his brother's deception.

6. Taken to Egypt.

- a. Potiphar House.
- b. Joseph inspires confidence.
- c. Declines the overtures of his master's wife and is sent to prison.

Chapter 10, "Old Testament Studies," by Dr. Joseph M. Tanner.

Second Sunday, May 11

"Mother's Day" Exercises

Third Sunday, May 18

Lesson 14. Joseph as Grand Vizier

Gen. 41-50.

1. Pharaoh's Dreams and His Worldly-Wise Interpreters.
2. Joseph's Opportunity and His Interpretations.

- a. Wins regal favor—becomes a sort of grand vizier.
- b. Responsibility of his task.

3. The Famine.

- a. Egypt becomes the granary of country.
- b. Joseph's Brethren go to Egypt.
- c. The dramatic interview between brothers.
- d. The sacks are filled with grain.
- e. Joseph Reveals Himself.

4. Concludes his Mission.

Chapter 11, "Old Testament Studies," by Dr. Joseph M. Tanner.

Fourth Sunday, May 25

Lesson 15. Flight of Moses

1. The Land of Goshen.
 - a. Its character.
 - b. Period of residence there by Israel.
2. The Hyksos or Shepherd Kings.
(See Smith's Bible Dictionary.)

3. The Advent of Moses.
 - a. The cruel decrees.
 - b. Measures taken to save the child from destruction.
 - c. Discovery of the child in the improvised boat in the rushes of the Nile.
 - d. Treatment of the child in the house of Pharaoh.
4. Moses Resents the Insolence of an Egyptian Task Master, Slays Him and Flees.

- a. Can you justify his act?
- b. Was he a coward in fleeing?

5. Character of Moses as Thus far Exhibited.

Chapter 12, pages 102-7, "Old Testament Studies," by Dr. Joseph M. Tanner.

Advanced Theological

Text book: "A New Witness for God," (Roberts), Vol. 1.

Second Intermediate Department

Harold G. Reynolds, chairman; Horace H. Cummings, J. Leo Fairbanks, and Adam S. Bennion

First Year—Church History

LESSONS FOR MAY

First Sunday, May 4

Lesson 14

Pupil's Text: "A Young Folks' History of the Church," Chapter 14.

Teacher's References: "History of the Church," Vol. 1, Chapter 31; "One Hundred Years of Mormonism," pp. 178-81; Roberts' "Missouri Persecutions," pp. 102-110.

Suggestive Outline

1. Expulsion of the Latter-day Saints from Jackson County.
 - a. Mob attacks Big Blue Branch.
 - (1) Destruction.
 - (2) Brother Bennett.
 - b. Another raid on the Saints.
 - (1) Saints try to defend themselves.
 - (2) The Battle.
 - c. Militia called out.
 - (1) By whom.
 - (2) Personnel of the militia.
 - (3) Why organized.
 - d. Saints organize for defense.
 - e. Demand of Militia.
 - (1) Untrue to promise.
 - (2) Houses destroyed.
 - (3) Cruelty of the mob.
 - (4) Ministers and Preachers.
2. Saints driven from their Homes.
 - a. Time of year.
 - b. Women and children driven across the prairie.
 - c. Scene on bank of river.
 - d. Reception by people in Clay County.

Contrast the blessings of a peaceful home, which the boys and girls enjoy in the Valleys of the Mountains, with

the trials and tribulations that the boys and girls endured in the early scenes of Church history.

Show the spirit of gratitude and thanksgiving which should be in the hearts of the pupils for the blessings and privileges which the present day affords, and that they should not complain over petty annoyances. Many of their grandparents suffered these hardships that the Church might be permanently established.

The driving of the Latter-day Saints from Missouri was one of the saddest events in Church history. They had built homes and cultivated the soil. Jackson County was dear to them because it was the revealed place for the central stake of Zion.

In the skirmish on the Big Blue, Philo Dibble, one of the Latter-day Saints, was shot in the bowels and bled much inwardly. Elder Newel Knight administered to him by the laying on of hands in the name of Jesus Christ. A purifying fire penetrated his whole system and he was immediately healed. He lived to take part in the defense of the city of Nauvoo, some 13 years later. He afterwards removed with the Church to the Rocky Mountains, settling finally in Springville, Utah, where he died, June 6, 1891, in full faith of the Gospel at the advance age of 90.—Missouri Persecutions.

The following is from the history of the Prophet Joseph Smith: "The shores began to be lined on both sides of the ferry with men, women and children, goods, wagons, boxes, chests, provisions, etc.; while the ferrymen were busily employed in crossing them over; and when night again closed upon the Saints, the wilderness had much the appearance of a camp-meeting. Hundreds of people

were seen in every direction; some in tents, and some in the open air, around their fires, while the rain descended in torrents. Husbands were inquiring for their wives, and women for their husbands; parents for children, and children for parents. Some had the good fortune to escape with their family household goods, and some provisions; while others knew not of the fate of their friends, and had lost all their goods. The scene was indescribable, and would have melted the hearts of any people upon earth, except the blind oppressor and prejudiced and ignorant bigot. Next day the company increased, and they were chiefly engaged in felling small cottonwood trees and erecting them into temporary cabins, so that when night came on, they had the appearance of a village of wigwams, and the night being clear, the occupants began to enjoy some degree of comfort."

Second Sunday, May 11

"Mother's Day" Exercises

Third Sunday, May 18

Lesson 15

Pupil's Text: "A Young Folks' History of the Church," Chapter 15.

Teacher's References: "History of the Church," Vol. 2, Chapters 5, 6, 7 and 8; also "One Hundred Years of Mormonism," pages 188-194.

Suggestive Outline.

1. Parley P. Pratt and Lyman Wight—Messengers to Kirtland.
 - a. Purpose.
 2. Zion's Camp.
 - a. Why organized.
 - b. Visit branches.
 - (1) Advocate movement.
 - (2) Rehearse persecutions in Missouri.
 - (3) Portage, Ohio selected as gathering place.
 3. Company Leaves Portage for Zion.
 - a. Number.
 - b. Wagons, provisions.
 - c. Journey.
 - (1) Number increase.
 - (2) Through Ohio, Indiana, and Illinois, distance 1,000 miles.
 - (3) Silence and order reserved.
 - (4) Threats of violence.
 - (5) Dissension among the company.
 - (6) The Prophet's reproof.
 - d. Arrival at Salt Creek.
 - (1) Parley P. Pratt and Orson Hyde—message to Governor Dunklin.
 - (2) The Governor's reply.
 - (3) Brethren return and make report.
 - e. Camp proceeds through Richmond and encamp between forks of Fishing River.
 4. Enemies of Jackson County organize.
 - a. To be joined by others.
 - b. The rain storm.
 - c. Forces disperse.
 - d. God's servants protected.
 5. Camp Moves and Encamps on Prairie.
 - a. Leading men of Clay County call on them.
 - b. Prophet explains persecution of Saints.
 - c. Prophet explains mission of Zion's camp.
 - d. Visitors promise protection.
 6. Visited by Sheriff Gillium.
 - a. Attempts at arbitration.
 - (1) Joseph explains mission of camp.
 - (a) Reinstate Saints in Land of Zion.
 - b. Twelve men to be chosen to arbitrate.
 - c. Meeting at Liberty.
 - (1) Proposal made by Jackson County settlers.
 - (a) Old settlers buy the land with improvements.
 - (b) Saints buy land from Missourians under same condition.
 7. Delegates return.
 - (1) Threats made by Campbell.
 - (2) Boat sank.
 - (3) Campbell's awful death.
 8. Proposition of Jackson County Delegates presented to Saints.
 - (1) Rejected.
 - (a) Surrender rights as American citizens.
 - (2) Saints' proposal.
 - (3) Rejected by Missourians.
 9. Revelation Given to Prophet.
 - a. Saints should not fight.
 - b. Zion should be redeemed in due time.
 10. Camp Marches to Rush Creek.
 - a. Disbanded.
 - b. Many return to Kirtland.
- The following is from the Autobiography of Parley P. Pratt: "In fancy I see them after a hard day's march making their encampment. 'Brother Joseph, would it be better to make our camp further to the south, down on the banks of the stream where wood and water will be more convenient?' said he who bore the standard. 'I think not,' replied the Prophet. 'You know we received

word that the people intended to prevent us crossing the Illinois river, which we will reach by 10 o'clock tomorrow; so that shows we are in the vicinity of our enemies. If we camp in the woods, they could surround us, and we not aware of it, but by making this eminence our camp-ground they can't approach without being observed by our guard.' And now the main company sees the Ensign planted, they know the camp-ground has been chosen. Anxious to obtain food and rest they urge their jaded teams better speed, and soon the 20 wagons are arranged in two curving lines, to make an oval enclosure with openings at each end. Now is enacted a busy scene. Men are hurrying to and fro in all directions, but there is no confusion. Each knows what is required of him and cheerfully performs his allotted part. The teamsters, having unhitched and stripped their harnesses from their sweating horses, the firemen and watchmen had brought both fuel and water and the camp fire is made, around which the cooks are busy preparing the evening meal. The tent makers are spreading the tents within the space enclosed by the wagons. All is peace, all is union. Now you see the men quickly gathering around their respective fires, as their several cooks announce supper ready. As they quietly seat themselves around their food, heads are bared and thanks returned to Him who had commanded them in everything to give thanks. The trials of the day are turned into merriment. Around a fire near the center of the encampment have gathered a number of brethren and their Prophet-leader is relating to them some of the visions of his early youth. As he warms under the glow of the Spirit of God, he tells them of the future glory of Zion. In another part of the camp a number of brethren are singing. The song is scarcely concluded when the sharp, thrilling notes of the bugle summoned to prayer. All promptly retired to their tents and are engaged in solemn devotion."

It may appear that the purpose of their journey was not fully realized, but future lessons will reveal the purpose of the Lord in calling upon them to travel such a distance though they seemingly accomplished but very little. Incidents relative to the journey of Zion's camp, that of the rattle snakes and the fate of James Campbell in the storm at Fishing river will be of special interest to the young people.

When the proposition was made by

the delegation from Jackson County, it was rejected by the Saints. It really required them to surrender their rights as American citizens.

We take it that they did not want the Latter-day Saints to gain political power. As to buying the land of the enemies, this was impossible as the Saints had been driven from their homes and were in poverty.

The Saints were willing to buy the property from such persons as would not live with them. The Jackson county people, however, rejected this proposition.

A Prophecy Fulfilled

"And so Zion was not redeemed. After the departure of Gillium from the camp of Zion's army, the Lord revealed the reason for this failure. Zion might have been redeemed even now, said the Lord, if it had not been for the transgression of my people.

"And Zion's camp disbanded, but not before the scourge, predicted by the Prophet, had fallen upon them in terrible judgment. The scourge was the colera. It was about the middle of June when it appeared. Sixty-eight of the brethren were attacked during the week, and a number died.

"In having thus to forsake their homes and having their hopes of the redemption of Zion blighted the Saints have not ceased to look forward to the time when they shall enjoy the land of peace, and when all the purposes of the Lord respecting the Land will be accomplished. Though their hopes for the immediate redemption of Zion were blighted, these hopes served only as precursors to a brighter and more enduring hope and the Saints are still looking forward to Zion in Jackson county, Missouri. Recently the promise of the Lord to redeem the land of Zion by money and not by the shedding of blood' began its realization in the purchase by the Church of 26³/₄ acres of the original 63 owned by the Church in 1831."—One Hundred Years of Mormonism.

Independence, Missouri, is the headquarters of our Central States Mission. The Church has recently built a beautiful chapel there. The Church has also a printing press where the *Liahona*, the Elder's Journal, is published, as well as most of the tracts and books used by the missionaries. The Church is getting a good footing in Jackson county. In the due time of the Lord it will be the central

place of Zion and a Temple will be erected to His name.

Fourth Sunday, May 25 Lesson 16

Pupil's Text: "A Young Folks' History of the Church," chapter 16.

Teacher's References: "Doctrine and Covenants, Sec. 87, 89 and 102; also "One Hundred Years of Mormonism," pp. 195-197.

Suggestive Outline

1. Important Events in Kirtland and Hiram.
 - a. Growth of the Church in Kirtland.
 - b. The Prophet at Hiram.
 - c. Work of translation.
 - d. Revelations given to him.
 - e. Persecutions.
 - (1) Mob attacks Prophet and Sidney Rigdon.
 - f. Duties performed by the Prophet Sunday.
2. Prophet Joseph at Kirtland.
 - a. Revelation concerning the Civil War.
 - b. School of Prophets.
 - c. Revelation on Word of Wisdom.
 - d. Organizations effected.
 - (1) First Presidency.
 - (2) Patriarch.
 - (3) High Council.
 - (a) Members and duties.

Time will not permit a discussion of all of the revelations given to the Prophet at Hiram and Kirtland. We suggest, therefore, that the prophecy concerning the war, also the revelation on the Word of Wisdom be made prominent. Discuss briefly the school of the Prophets and the organization of the First Presidency, the Patriarch and the High Council.

"On the night of the 24th [March, 1832,] when Joseph, exhausted by long watching at the bedside of two sick children, the Murdock twins; which Emma had adopted in place of her own, which had died, had thrown himself upon the bed and fallen asleep, Emma, who had retired, was awakened by a tapping at the window, which, however, she took no particular notice of at the time. But it was only a few moments till about a dozen men broke into the room, roughly took up the sleeping form of Joseph and dragged him out amid the screams of his wife, and his own struggles to free himself from their grasp. About thirty rods from the house they came upon another band of men with Sidney Rigdon, who

had been dragged by his feet, his head beating against the rough, frozen ground, leaving Rigdon unconscious. The united mob, increasing in number every minute, went about thirty rods more, where they held a consultation to determine what should be done with the Prophet. While the majority were thus engaged a number of others held Joseph, being careful to keep him from touching the ground, lest he should spring away from them. The result of the deliberation was that he should be stripped of his clothes and then covered with tar and feathers. With threats, horrible imprecations, and blasphemy, they perpetuated this outrage on the Prophet's person, forcing the tar paddle into his mouth, and breaking a vial of liquor against his teeth. They then left him."—(One Hundred Years of Mormonism, pp. 162-3.)

In December, 1832, the Prophet Joseph uttered a remarkable prophecy. He was at Kirtland. At this time the southern states were radically opposed to the northern states over many questions, particularly over the question of tariff; the northern states favoring a protective tariff. The south, however, opposed the same. Explain the meaning of tariff to the pupils. It was at his time the Prophet made the prediction concerning the war. The tariff question, however, was the issue between the two political parties, and not the slave question. Have read in the class this prophecy. Consider what occurred to fulfill this prediction and what is now occurring. "The bombardment of Fort Sumter opened the Civil War. Not only did the war begin at South Carolina, but the south called upon Great Britain for assistance. Surely the great European War, in which the United States has also been engaged, is in fulfillment of the divine utterance that "war will be poured out upon all nations," etc. In 1914, from a report contained in the Italian newspaper, the government announced the death of some fifty thousand people, killed that year by earthquake. Think of the famine in Austria, Russia, Belgium, Mexico, and other countries.

The teacher will be able to find much good information on the evil effects of alcohol, tobacco, tea and coffee, and use of too much meat. Some things are not good for man. The earth brings forth in the vegetable world, plants, trees, etc. for the use of man, but for some to be used as foods or stimulants, taking them internally is wrong, because of the destructive effects upon the body. It is the duty of God's children to live their best,

that they may have sound bodies and clear intellects. Herbert Spencer, one of the great philosophers, clearly sets forth the fact that if the body is injured in any way, man can not live the best life nor think the best thoughts. Our bodies are governed by law. The Word of Wisdom tells us the simple manner to live best and be useful, and gives certain promises to those who heed this warning. We are pleased that so many states in the Union prohibit the sale and use of intoxicants. One of the greatest evils among the boys is the cigarette and tobacco habit. Dr. L. Lauder Brunton, the famous English physician of St. Bartholomew's Hospital and College, says of the action of tobacco upon the heart, "If tobacco is used to too great an extent, it is a powerful heart poison, and it has a curious effect upon the heart." Professor Irving Fisher, of the L. University, who was recently called upon by the U. S. Government to make a report upon national vitality, said: "As to tobacco, it is a common observation that smoking interferes with one's wind in running," etc. (Tobacco and Human Efficiency, Frederick J. Pack.)

In Chicago the business men have organized themselves upon the pledge that they will not hire boys who smoke cigarettes and are tobacco users. David Starr Jordan said: "The boy who smokes cigarettes need not worry about his future. He has none." Mormon boys, do not sell your birthright and opportunities for advancement by being addicted to this pernicious habit.

Thomas A. Edison, the great inventor, writing to Mr. Henry Ford, states: "The injurious agent in cigarettes comes principally from the burning paper wrapper. The substance thereby formed is called acrolein. It has a violent action on the nerve centers, producing degeneration of the cells of the brain, which is quite rapid among boys. Unlike most

narcotics, this degeneration is permanent and uncontrollable. I employ no one who smokes cigarettes."

"Hot drinks, against which the people are specifically warned, are understood to include tea and coffee, and the counsel against their use was preached and published long before chemists and physiologists had recognized the detcrious effect of thein and caffen, which are poisonous alkaloids contained in the beverages named. The inhibition, however, applies in another sense to all liquids at high temperatures. To this point special interest attaches in view of recent demonstrations in science. Dr. Wm. J. Mayo, a surgeon of world-wide fame, declared in an address delivered in San Francisco, June, 1915, that hot drinks are among the predominant causes of gastric ulcers and cancer."—(Dr. Jas. E. Tal-
mage.)

Third Year—"What it Means to be a Mormon"

LESSONS FOR MAY

First Sunday, May 4

Chapter 13, "What it Means to be a Mormon."

Second Sunday, May 11

Mother's Day exercises. (See Superintendents' Department.)

Third Sunday, May 18

Chapter 14, "What it Means to be a Mormon."

Fourth Sunday, May 25

Chapter 15, "What it Means to be a Mormon."

Duty of Happiness

Keeping oneself reasonably happy is a duty that ought not to be shirked. Science is telling us these days that to get out of the habit of enjoyment is to get depressed in vitality and vigor, to weaken in efficiency, and to grow old before one's time. There is nothing like laughter—not empty-headed-laughter, but the intelligent, wholesome, kindly hearted kind—to keep people young and fresh and fit for business and the obligations of living. Of course, this is a prescription not easy to live up to always, but there is no reasonable excuse for not trying to do it. Sometimes it is just about as easy to be happy as to be miserable if one makes up his mind to it, and there is no doubt at all as to which pays the best.—Onward.

First Intermediate Department

Geo. M. Cannon, Chairman; Josiah Burrows and J. W. Walker

First Year—Book of Mormon

LESSONS FOR MAY

(Outlines by Wm. A. Morton)

First Sunday, May 4

Lesson 14. How the Lord Delivered His People

Text: Mosiah 19-22.

1. Limhi Chosen King.
 - a. Limhi, a son of King Noah.
 - b. A just and honorable man.
2. The Nephites in Bondage.
 - a. The Nephites humbled.
 - b. In bondage to the Lamanites.
 - c. Cause of their afflictions.
3. Lamanite Maidens Captured.
 - a. Lamanite maidens go to Shemlon to dance.
 - b. Captured by the priests of Noah.
 - c. The Lamanites make war on the people of Limhi.
 - d. King of the Lamanites captured.
 - e. An explanation is made and peace is restored.
4. The Nephites Attempt to Gain their Freedom, but Fail.
 - a. The Nephites rise three times in rebellion.
 - b. Their efforts to gain freedom fail.
 - c. Their cries to the Lord for deliverance.
 - d. Hearts of the Lamanites softened; they treat the Nephites with a measure of kindness.
5. A Wonderful Discovery.
 - a. Limhi sends out a party of men in search of the land of Zarahemla.
 - b. They lose their way in the wilderness.
 - c. They make a wonderful discovery.
6. A Long-Lost People Found.
 - a. Mosiah's searching party.
 - b. Ammon and his party find the city of Lehi-Nephi.
 - c. Ammon addresses the people of Limhi.
 - d. Gideon's plan of escape.
 - e. The Lord delivers His people.
 - f. A happy reunion.
1. The World Re-peopled.
 - a. The world re-peopled after the b. The separation.
 - c. Founding of Shinar.
 - d. The people decide to build a great tower.
2. The Plan of the People Frustrated.
 - a. The Lord decides to put a stop to the building of the tower.
 - b. He confounds the language of the people.
 - c. The work on the tower is abandoned and the people are scattered.
3. The Jaredites.
 - a. The brother of Jared, a man of great faith.
 - b. His prayer in behalf of his kindred and friends.
 - c. The Lord's promise to the Jaredites.
4. The Jaredites on their Journey to the Promised Land.
 - a. Preparation for the journey.
 - b. In the wilderness.
 - c. The Lord talks with the brother of Jared.
5. The Camp Beside the Sea.
 - a. Four years in tents on the seashore.
 - b. The Lord reproves the Jaredites.
 - c. They repent of their sins and are forgiven.
 - d. The Lord's promise to the brother of Jared.
6. The Command to Build Vessels.
 - a. The Jaredites build eight vessels.
 - b. No light for them.
7. Remarkable Answer to Prayer.
 - a. Prayer of the brother of Jared for light for the vessels.
 - b. The Lord touches 16 stones and they become luminous.
 - c. The Lord shows Himself to the brother of Jared.
8. Arrival of the Jaredites in the Promised Land.
 - a. The Journey across the ocean.
 - b. The landing of the colonists.
 - c. They become a great nation, but are finally destroyed because of their wickedness.
 - d. Their records found by King Limhi's searching party.

Second Sunday, May 11

"Mother's Day" Exercises

Third Sunday, May 18

Lesson 15. The Story of the Jaredites.

Text: Genesis 10:1-9; Ether 1-3.
flood.

Fourth Sunday, May 25

Lesson 16. Remarkable Conversions

Text: Mosiah 26-28.

1. Alma the Younger.
 - a. Alma the Younger, son of Alma the Elder.

- b. His early religious training.
- c. He becomes a companion to the sons of King Mosiah and enters on a downward course.
2. The Praying Fathers.
 - a. Mosiah and Alma pray for their wayward sons.
 - b. The young men become more wicked and rebellious, but their fathers continue to pray for them.
3. Conversion of Alma and His Companions.
 - a. Alma and the sons of Mosiah engaged in the work of persecuting the Church.
 - b. They are stopped by an angel, who is sent to them in answer to the prayers of their fathers.
 - c. The angel's message.
 - d. Alma and his companions converted to the Lord, and become valiant champions of His cause.

Third Year--The Life of Christ LESSONS FOR MAY

(Suggestions by George M. Cannon)

We urge all teachers to encourage every pupil to buy the text book we are using for this year's work—"A Life of Christ for the Young"—by George L. Weed, a special edition adapted for the use of Latter-day Saints Sunday Schools.

For sale by D. S. Union Book Store, price 75c postpaid.

First Sunday, May 4

Chapter XXIII—"A Sabbath in Capernaum," and Chapter XXIV, "A Leper and a Paralytic Healed," make up the lesson for the first Sunday in May. In addition to studying the two chapters in our text book, teachers should gain from every available book any informa-

tion that will enable them to understand the subjects of the lesson. No matter what other books are read, however, do not fail to read the chapters in the Bible which describe the scenes and incidents of the lesson.

Passages in the Bible referring to Capernaum and to various events connected therewith can be found in Matt. 4:13; 9:1-8. Mark 1:21-45; 2:2; 3:1-6. Luke 4:31; 7:1-10; 10:15. John 4:46-53.

Second Sunday, May 11

"Mother's Day" exercises. (See Superintendent's Department.)

Third Sunday, May 18

The lesson for the day embraces in our text book, Chapter XXV, "The Call of Matthew—The Twelve Apostles," and Chapter XXVI, "The Sermon on the Mount." In the Bible the texts describing the choosing of the Twelve, and their names are Matt. 4:17-25; Mark 3:13-20; and Luke 6:12-16. In the text last referred to the names are very concisely given. If the pupils desire to memorize the names, perhaps no more clearer passage of scripture than this can be found.

For the Sermon on the Mount read Matt. Chapters 5, 6 and 7.

Fourth Sunday, May 25

Read from our text book Chapter XXVII, "The Healing of the Centurion's Servant," and also from the Bible, Matt. 8:5-13. Our lesson also embraces Chapter XXVIII of our text book, "Raising of the Widow's Son." Both incidents of this lesson are also described in Luke Chapter 7.

Give No Hurt to Anything

Give no hurt to anything—
To the birds that work and sing,
Rabbit in the grasses wet,
Farmyard beast, or household pet.

Give no hurt to anything—
Butterfly with feathered wing,
Garden toad that aids the farm,
That would never do you harm;

Children of the outdoor sun,
God's own creatures, every one!
Be to them a little friend,
Ever ready to defend!

—Alice J. Cleator, in *Our Dumb Animals*.

Primary Department

Chas. B. Felt, chairman; assisted by Florence S. Horne and Bessie F. Foster

First Year

LESSONS FOR APRIL

First Sunday, April 6

Adapt the uniform program as given in the Superintendent's Department.

Lesson 14. The Dreams Fulfilled

Text: Gen. 42, 43, 44, 45, 46, 47:1-13.

Reference: Stories from the Old Testament. (Primary Department.)

Aim: Forgiveness and mercy are attributes of a noble mind.

Memory Gem: "Love your enemies, do good to them that hate you."

1. Condition of Egypt.
 - a. During seven years of plenty.
 - b. During seven years of famine.
 - c. Compare with other countries.
2. Joseph's Brothers come to Egypt.
 - a. Recognized by Joseph.
 - b. Imprisoned as spies.
 - c. Joseph's request for Benjamin.
 - d. Their remorse shown.
 - e. Simeon held in prison.
3. Jacob's Sons Return Home.
 - a. Their sacks filled with corn and money returned.
4. Second Journey to Egypt.
 - a. Benjamin accompanies them with presents.
 - b. Their obeisance to Joseph.
 - (1) Fulfilment of dreams.
 - c. The feast.
 - (1) Joseph's love and forgiveness.
5. Joseph's Plan to Detain His Brothers.
 - a. The silver cup.
 - b. Judah's humble supplication.
6. Joseph Reveals Himself.
 - a. He confronts his brethren.
 - b. Testifies to God's providence.
 - c. Sends for Jacob and his family.
7. Jacob Comes to Egypt.
 - a. Meeting with Joseph.
 - b. Second dream fulfilled.
 - c. The king's kindness.
 - d. A home in Egypt.

Note:—The children no doubt have heard much during the late war as to the necessity of saving food that the people of Europe might not starve, which fact might be used to advantage in connection with the point of contact for this lesson, while the fact that we of the United States are now sending food to those who forced us to go to war, if properly put to the children should be a striking illus-

tration of our aim "Love your enemies, do good to them that hate you."

Second Sunday, April 13

Lesson 15. A Cradle in a River

Text: Exodus 1; 2:1-10.

Reference: Stories from the Old Testament. (Our book.)

Aim: God protects and blesses His children when they have faith in Him.

Memory Gem: "Look up, nor fear, for God is near and providence is over all."

1. Condition of Israel in Egypt.
 - a. Under new king.
 - b. Bondage.
 - c. Increase.
 - d. Feared by Pharaoh.
 - e. Pharaoh's decree.
 2. The Baby Moses.
 - a. The family.
 - b. Joy and fear in home.
 - c. Hidden in home for three months.
 - d. The ark.
 - (1) How made.
 - (2) Where placed.
 - (3) Watched by Miriam.
 - e. The princess.
 - (1) Finds the ark.
 - (2) Loves the babe.
 - (3) Wants him for her own.
 - f. The nurse.
 - (1) Miriam's wit in securing.
 - (2) Who the nurse was.
 - (3) Her joy and thanksgiving.
 3. The Childhood of Moses.
 - a. Mother's care and teachings.
 - b. Advantages of the palace.
- Note:—A sweet simple song used with this lesson in 1917 can be found on page 147 (March, 1917) of Vol. 52 Juvenile Instructor.

Third Sunday, April 20

Lesson 16. A Mighty Leader

Text: Exodus 3, 4.

Reference: Stories from the Old Testament. (Our book.)

Aim: When we put forth our best efforts to serve God, He will help us to succeed.

Memory Gem: "I will be with you, and teach you what ye shall do."

1. In the Land of Midian.
2. The Voice of the Lord.
 - a. The burning bush.
 - b. Called to deliver Israel.
 - c. The rod.
 - d. The call of Aaron.

3. Moses returns to Goshen.
4. Elders accept Moses and Aaron.

Fourth Sunday, April 27

Lesson 17. A King's Power Overthrown

Text: Exodus 5; 1-4; 7:14-25; 8:1-15; 12 and 14.

Aim: The power of the Lord is manifest in behalf of His people when they strive to serve Him.

Memory Gem: "I will sing unto the Lord, for He hath triumphed gloriously."

1. Moses and Aaron see Pharaoh.
 - a. Deliver God's message.
 - b. Pharaoh's hardness of heart.
 - c. God's promise to make Pharaoh obey Him.
2. The Plagues.
 - a. The river changed.
 - (1) Same river that Moses when a babe had been put on—Nile.
 - (2) Turned to blood for seven days—fish dead.
 - b. Frogs.
 - (1) Everywhere—in houses, beds, dough, etc.
 - (2) Pharaoh's promise and deceit.
3. The Tenth Plague.
4. The Passover.
 - a. The Lord's instructions to Israel.
 - b. Purpose.
 - c. How eaten—in readiness for journey.
 - d. Wail of Egyptians from palace to hut.
 - e. Pharaoh tells people to go—afraid of the Lord.
5. The Lord's Guide to Israel
 - a. Departure.
 - b. Pillar of cloud by day and fire by night.
6. Crossing the Red Sea.
 - a. Pharaoh's repentance.
 - (1) Pursues Israel with his army and chariots.
 - b. Israel's predicament.
 - (1) Hemmed in by mountains and sea.
 - (2) Gained on by well trained army.
 - c. God makes Egypt see "I am the Lord."
 - (1) Cloudy and fiery pillars put between enemies.
 - (2) Waters divided.
 - (3) Israel passes through.
 - d. Pharaoh's army destroyed.
 - e. Song of praise and thanksgiving.

To teachers:—We hope that by the first of April you will have caught up with your lessons, and can thereafter take but one lesson each Sunday. The

necessity of attempting to cover more than one lesson per day has been a grievous one, regrettable from several standpoints, and we sadly fear you have found it difficult to make your points clear and impressive and teach that which is by far greater than the stories themselves—the desirability and beauty of proper living—and that it has been hard to combine two lessons without mixing aims.

If, however, this experience has impressed you with the benefit of a definite aim to each lesson and will cause you to rejoice that now you have gotten out of the maze of aims and can work to one only to a lesson, and made the vision of the importance of a definite, clear cut application to each, clear to your minds, then good may come after all.

Are you reading the original text? Are you full of the lesson subject, having much more in your mind than is contained in our simple little stories? Can you discover something in each lesson that you esteem invaluable to your children, and has that discovery made you long for the time to come when you shall give such a gift to the children? Are the lessons you are presenting to the children broadening your own lives, increasing your faith, strengthening your character?

Let your own heart answer these questions, but don't fail to give them consideration, and may our Father grant that such consideration shall lead you to higher and higher aspirations for good, and bring you more and more satisfaction in your work.

Third Year

LESSONS FOR MAY

First Sunday, May 4

Lesson 18. A Nation on The Move

Text: Exodus 16.

Reference: Stories from the Old Testament.

Aim: In order to keep the Lord's commandments we must honor the Sabbath day.

Memory Gem: "Remember the Sabbath day to keep it holy."

1. The Murmurings of the People.
 - a. Their hardships in the wilderness.
 - b. Their hunger.
2. The Lord's Promise to Moses.
 - a. Moses seeks the Lord in prayer.
 - b. Daily rations.
 - c. Provisions for the Sabbath.

3. The Promise Fulfilled.

- a. Quail.
- b. Manna
- c. Results of disobedience to instructions.

Second Sunday, May 11**"Mother's Day" Exercises****Third Sunday, May 18****Lesson 19. The Laws of the Lord**

Text: Exodus 19, 20.

Reference: Stories from the Old Testament.

Aim: The Lord counsels His children as they need, and requires their obedience.

Memory Gem: Honor thy father and thy mother, that thy days may be long upon the land which the Lord * * * giveth thee.

1. Israel at Mount Sinai.
 - a. Camped before the mount.
 - b. Moses talks with God.
 - (1) God's promise to Israel.
 - (2) His instructions to the people.
 - c. The preparation for the third day.
 - d. Demonstrations on the third day.
 - e. Moses and Aaron on the mount.
2. The Ten Commandments.
 - a. Description of the tablets.
 - b. Explanation of the commandments.

Fourth Sunday, May 25**Lesson 20. A Strange Conquest**

Text: Joshua 1, 3, 4, 5, 6:1-16; 24.

Reference: Stories from the Old Testament.

Aim: God's blessings must be earned through faith and obedience to instructions.

Memory Gem: "But as for me and my house, we will serve the Lord."

1. Cause of Israel's Wanderings.
 - a. Forgetful of God's blessings.
 - b. Disobedience.
 - c. First generation not permitted to enter the promised land.
2. Joshua, Moses' Successor.
 - a. Called by the Lord.
 - b. Chosen because of his steadfastness and faith.
 - c. Proving his faith by his works.
3. Crossing the Jordan.
 - a. Apparently impracticable.
 - (1) No bridges.
 - (2) High waters.
 - b. People show their faith.
 - c. The miraculous crossing.
 - d. Memorial monument.
4. The Taking of Jericho.
 - a. An angel as captain of the Lord's hosts.
 - b. A strange war tactic.
 - c. Faith rewarded—the city captured.
5. The Promised Land Won and Divided.
 - a. Six years of war.
 - b. God's promises fulfilled.
 - c. The land divided.
6. The Death of Joshua.
 - a. His exhortation to the people.
 - b. "But as for me and my house," etc.
 - c. The people promise to serve the Lord.

Kindergarten Department

Wm. A. Morton, Chairman; assisted by Beulah Woolley, Kate McAllister and Ina Johnson

LESSONS FOR MAY**First Sunday, May 4****Hannah and Her Son Samuel**

Text: 1 Samuel 1; 2:11, 18-21.

Aim: Appreciation of mother's love can be shown by performing duties which are pleasing to her.

Second Sunday, May 11**"Mother's Day" Exercises****Third Sunday, May 18****Alma's Love for His Son**

Text: Mosiah 27:8-32.

Aim: The Lord answers the prayers of faith.

Fourth Sunday, May 25**Baby Boy Moses**

Text: Exodus 2:1-10.

Aim: Implicit trust in God and earnest effort on our part wins God's favor.

A New Song Book

Ever since the organization of the Kindergarten Department of our Sunday Schools there has been felt the need of a song book. We have been able to select four or five songs suitable for our purposes from the best kindergarten song books of the day and this, besides being very expensive, has not been entirely satisfactory. We are very happy, at

last, to be able to recommend to our teachers a song book, entitled, "Kindergarten and Primary Songs," written expressly for Kindergarten and Primary classes.

The inspiration for such a work came to Sister Frances K. Thomassen, and she has spared no time or effort in securing for us a most splendid collection. Her compositions show unusual ability. The songs are simple, yet charming and melodious. The workers will find great pleasure in teaching them, because the children will thoroughly enjoy them.

We will find in the book songs for almost all occasions: Prayer songs, greeting and closing songs, nature and special day songs—as for Bird Day, Humane Day, Easter, Mother's Day, Pioneer, Thanksgiving and Christmas. And what makes the book still more precious to us is the fact that it is distinctly a Latter-day Saint Song Book, as several of the titles show. "The Book of Mormon," "He Who Lacks Wisdom," "The First Vision," "Sacramental Song," "The Sea Gull," "The Little Tenth," "Baptism," "The Word of Wisdom."

Teachers should get their books immediately so that they may be able to teach "Jesus Our Loving Friend," page 59, which was written expressly for our Lesson, "The Triumphal Entry into Jerusalem."

The price of the book is very reasonable—One dollar, postpaid. It can be obtained at the Deseret Sunday School Union Book Store, 44 East South Temple Street, Salt Lake City.

Sense Training

Ina G. Johnson

Train up a child in the way he should go and when he is old he will not depart from it.—Proverbs 22:6.

There is perhaps no instinct of the child more important and less guarded than his senses. We often find adults who have ears and they hear not, eyes and they see not, feelings and yet they feel not for their brother or neighbor who is in need. And nearly every day of our life we meet people who have depraved natures in food and dress, also in their pleasures and pastimes, all because of the neglect of the early training of their senses.

If a child's senses are trained in the right way his sense of taste in all things will enable him to discriminate the good from the bad, and he will choose the best from everything.

For it is little we realize
And little we know
That by the use of our senses
We are able to grow
And learn to discriminate
From all objects we meet:
Whether they be of good, evil, sour or
sweet.
And thus from the inner to the outer
we go.
Developing our senses, and expecting
to reap
A good harvest from the seeds that we
sow.

The senses are only tools, and it is by the use of these tools that we are able to take knowledge from the outer to the inner. No one sense is more important than the other. For it is only through the totality of these senses, that we get the understanding of the truth of things. Neither do we gain knowledge from one sense alone, but it is by the association of ideas and objects from all of our senses which set us to thinking, and to discriminate between the good and the bad.

Have you ever thought of which sense you could easily get along without? And do you realize that half the wealth and beauty of the world is lost to most of us from the lack of power to perceive?

So let us begin in the kindergarten and train aright these much neglected senses and not have it said of the children who have been in our care, that they lack power to perceive and to discriminate. Emerson said: "So train your child that at the age of thirty or forty, he shall not have to say, 'This thing could I do but for the lack of tools.' So train him that he will not have to say, 'All my time and strength is spent in obtaining superfluities, which have become necessities to me.'"

In order to develop the senses so that the child may be able to discriminate between good and bad we give him two objects that he may contrast them, or let him smell two odors, taste two flavors, or hear two different sounds. He is lead to contrast the one with the other so that his higher faculty of comparison may be developed. Thus his ears learn to hear soft, sweet music that our duller ones cannot catch. Thus his eyes learn to recognize finer shades of color than our less trained ones can perceive.

So let us educate the child's taste for beautiful pictures, soft, sweet music, order and a higher appreciation for all that is beautiful clean, and good.

(To be continued.)

Children's Section.



Susie's Sacrifice

Mary F. Kelly.

Are you a little girl and do you love your doll? If you are, you will enjoy this story of another little girl who loved hers even more than you do, perhaps, because she had so few toys.

Susie Kooyman was born in far away Holland but at the time the story opens lived in New York City with her parents. Hers was not a beautiful doll, by any means, her mother having found it in a garbage can one day, but Susie never having had a doll before and being a true little woman, invested it with all the beauty and graces which it should have possessed, and in her eyes it was perfectly lovely, especially when dressed in a set of clothes which she made for it with much care and patience. The fact that she dressed and undressed it several times a day, did not improve the appearance of these little garments, but this was one of the greatest pleasures of Susie's life.

Much of the sewing had been done by the bedside of another little girl who lived in the same tenement house, whose name was Nellie Ford. The poor little thing was afflicted with hip disease and walked with a crutch, when she was well enough to be up at all. Susie visited her little friend every day, and the doll, which was named Wilhelmina Saphira Maud, took part in all their games. The doll's first name Wilhelmina, of course was in honor of the young Queen of

Holland, whose picture was hung in a conspicuous place in the humble home of the child. The second name, Saphira, was given because it was a Bible name, and Susie liked the sound of it. The third name was in honor of a teacher whom Susie had loved very much.

About this time Dr. Laurence, a noted specialist in bone disease came from Europe to New York, to operate upon the little daughter of Mr. Truman A. Love, a millionaire. Everyone was talking of the great surgeon who was making the lame to walk and many doctors were anxious to see the operation he had come so far to perform. Mr. Love however refused to allow this, feeling that having paid so much money to get the doctor to this country his child should have his entire attention during the operation.

Now, it seemed that Nellie's case was exactly like that of the rich man's child. In both cases there was a condition which had proved an unsurmountable difficulty under all other treatments. This, Dr. Laurence claimed he had overcome, so when the Board of Health doctor reported Nellie's case, many surgeons in the country were anxious that she should be operated upon by the Specialist in their presence, in order that they might see how the great doctor worked in such cases. So the Health Officer went to Mrs. Ford, asking her to let him take Nellie to the hospital to be operated upon for her own benefit and also for the benefit of the doctors who would be present at the time. He

also offered her a sum of money if she would let Nellie go.

The poor mother, who was a widow, did not know what to do, being so anxious that her child should get well but so afraid to let her go to the hospital in case she should not be strong enough to bear the operation and that her darling might never come back to her. Finally, she decided to let Nellie settle the matter for herself. If she were willing to go, the mother was willing she should. But Nellie did not want to go and the more the doctor urged, the more she pleaded not to be sent away. As the doctor told how clever Dr. Laurence was, Mrs. Ford began to wish her little girl would consent to the operation and asked Susie to try and persuade her to do so. Susie went to the bedside, but poor little Nellie, worn out with crying, was sleeping, so she promised to come again the following morning and see if she could coax her little friend to do as the doctor wished.

That night, as Susie lay in bed, thinking what she would say, the thought came to her, that no doubt Nellie would be willing to go to the hospital if she would let her take the doll for company, for with such a lovely companion as Wilhelmina Saphira Maud, no one could be lonely of course. But no! it was too terrible to think about, so she closed her eyes tight and went to sleep. Several times during the night she awoke and thought over the matter until it seemed to her a positive duty to let Nellie take the doll.

In the morning however, she was not so sure about it, and felt that she was not called upon to make so great a sacrifice. She did not go and see Nellie as she had promised before going to school and pretended not to hear Mrs. Ford calling her as she came downstairs. All day she could not attend to her lessons, Nellie's little white face coming constantly before her mind. As a consequence, she was kept

in after school but even then found it impossible to study and was finally dismissed with a scolding from her teacher.

As she passed Mrs. Ford's room she again heard the doctor telling Nellie of the lovely times she would have when she was able to run about and play like other children, but that if she refused to be operated upon she would have to lie there until she died, as she could not live long the way she was. As Susie listened, her heart beat so rapidly that it nearly choked her. Suddenly she made a resolve and running upstairs seized her doll, and unwrapping it from the flour sack in which she kept it, she rushed down to Mrs. Ford's room, almost knocking over the doctor, who was just about to leave the room.

"Don't go, doctor, don't go," she gasped, and coming to the bedside panting with excitement she cried: "Nellie, if I let you take my doll will you go?"

Nellie's tear stained face brightened.

"What, Susie, do you mean you will give me your doll if I will go?"

Now, Susie had not thought of giving up entire possession of the doll but she replied after a moment's hesitation: "Yes, Nell, I'll give her to you if you will go."

Nellie looked a little incredulous and said testily:

"Cross yer heart you will?"

"Cross my heart and wish to die if I don't," answered poor little Susie, repeating the formula of the streets with pathetic fervor.

"All right, Sue, then I'll go," said the child, clasping the precious doll in her thin little arms.

The doctor did not wait to give her a chance to change her mind but wrapping her in one of the ragged quilts, the doll held tightly to her breast, he carried her down the stairs and depositing her in his auto, which was waiting outside, rode rapidly away.

while Susie running upstairs hid her face in her mother's lap and sobbed as if her heart would break.

The following Sunday the newspapers were full of the wonderful operations the great Dr. Laurence had performed and pictures of Lola Love, the millionaire's daughter were on the front page of most of them. Some also had a picture of Nellie and of the room in which she had been operated upon, surrounded by a crowd of doctors watching the famous surgeon as he worked. There was also a picture of Wilhelmina Saphira Maud, whom the doctors called Nellie's "mascot." The story was told of Nellie refusing to go to the operating room unless she were permitted to take the doll in her arms and that the moment she knew anything again, her first thought was for it, and that it was her constant companion day and night.

A few days later, Mrs. Ford, while visiting her daughter, told one of the nurses of the kindness of little Susie in giving her friend the doll which she loved so much and that even now, the poor little thing could not speak of it without crying.

This story the nurse told to a reporter, who naturally seized with eagerness upon such a choice bit of local color and a week later Susie too had become famous and her picture and the story of her heroic sacrifice was told in one of the Sunday papers.

Then, from every quarter of the city, and even from distant states dolls were sent to her to replace the one she had given away, until she might have started a little doll store of her own had she wanted to do so. There were however many of Susie's friends and other little suffering children in the hospital who loved dolls, so that Susie was able to make lots of children glad and was radiant with happiness in doing it. Many people also sent money with the dolls and soon Susie had quite a nice little sum of money in the bank.

Of course, it was some time before Nellie was well enough to leave the hospital as the doctors insisted that she must be perfectly well before she did so. But in a little while Susie was allowed to go and visit her every day.

When the summer came and the heat in New York was beginning to be almost unbearable, Nellie was told that she might leave in about a week. Full of excitement, she told Susie that the doctors had raised a fund for her benefit and were going to give her and her mother a nice little cottage near the sea shore where she would soon grow strong and well.

This was good news, but both girls felt that without each other they could never be quite happy. If only they could be together! Hour by hour they talked and made plans. Susie told how much her father loved the sea and that in Holland he had owned a boat and was a fisherman. Then the idea came to her that, perhaps, she might buy a boat for her father with the money that she had in the bank.

While they were talking this over one day Mr. Love, the millionaire, with his little daughter came into the room. Lila had always wished to see the little girl who had suffered as she had done and who was now, like herself, able to walk like other children. The little girls soon became friends and as Mr. Love had an appointment that afternoon, Lila begged him to leave her at the hospital and return later to fetch her. Of course they talked of the little coast town where Nellie was going to live and of the proposition to buy a fishing boat, asking Lila if she knew how much one would cost.

"No," she said, "I don't know, but ask Papa when he comes because he knows everything."

As soon as her father returned the question was put to him but he said it would be impossible to say what the boat would cost until they knew just what kind was needed but he pro-

posed to Lila that she should make Susie and her father a present of one and that it should be called the "Lila Love."

The children all thought this a splendid plan, only Lila suggested that the name of the boat should be the "Wilhelmina Saphira Maud" as, if it had not been for the doll she would not perhaps have met these dear little friends at all.

Mr. Love said they might suit themselves about the name, but that he would see Mr. Kooyman and find out the kind of a boat that would be needed and that he would help to get the family located in their new home if Susie's father wished to take his family and go there to live.

About a week later Nellie and her mother were comfortably settled in their pretty little cottage by the sea, soon to be followed by Mr. Kooyman and his family. The boat was already awaiting them in a nice little boat house, built close to the shore on a piece of land which Mr. Love gave with the boat as a present to Susie and her parents.

Both Susie and Nellie declared however that the boat must be named after their dear little friend Lila, as they had the doll with them already and they had each other, so that if it were named the "Lila Love" it would seem as if the circle were complete. Lila consented to name it as her friends wished and the beautiful boat was soon the admiration of all the fishermen on the beach and Mr. Kooyman the happiest and one of the most prosperous fishermen of the town. Mr. Love was also a good friend to Nellie and her mother, not only at this time but for many years afterwards.

The sea air and sunshine soon brought the color back to Nellie's pale cheeks and strength to the wasted limbs. Here, on the soft white sand the two girls built castles with Susie's little brothers, or paddled in the rippling waves. Here, too, they played with their dolls, for they had several dolls each now, but never was one more admired or more beloved than Wilhelmina Saphira Maud.

Grandma's Birthday

G is for Grandma whose birthday is here;
 We love and respect her—her name we revere.
R is for right for which she has stood—
 She's never been bad, but always been good.
A is for age, eighty-four when all told.
 Years may go by, but she'll never seem old.
N is for noble—the trials she's been through—
 We know she is brave and honest and true.
D is for dear to family and friend.
 In sorrow or joy, she's true to the end.
M is for modesty—our Grandma is shy,
 She puts down her head and never looks high.
A is for "good-night," there's just room to say,
 We send her best wishes for a happy birthday.

Virginia Goff,
 1142 Roosevelt Ave.,
 Salt Lake City.

The Doll's Convention

Story by Annie Lynch; Photos from Dolls Furnished by Harold H. Jenson

II. THE RED CROSS DOLL

After the parade, the dolls, accompanied by the boys and girls, hurried to the harbor.

"What is all this cheering about," asked Victoria, the English doll.

"Look!" said Columbia, "they are welcoming the Red Cross ships that have just returned from France. Do you see that each ship has a red cross painted on its side? That is for protection on its mission of mercy, carrying doctors, nurses and supplies for the battlefield. Everywhere this emblem is honored and the ship bearing it should be safe from submarine and other war dangers. You know the nations agreed to recognize the work of these nurses and never to fire on any one wearing a Red Cross uniform. Hear the soldiers singing our national anthem, 'The Star Spangled Banner.'"

The wounded soldiers on board the ships were met by ambulances, and hurried to the soldiers' hospital. The dolls were invited to go with them, and see the wonderful methods used for alleviating suffering. The dolls were impressed with the cheerfulness of the soldiers, who were delighted at being home, and those not too ill, sang, joked and expressed their gratitude for every attention. The English doll was very enthusiastic and asked if all of the children knew the story of the Red Cross and of Florence Nightingale.

One bright boy, answered, "I do: the Red Cross is Mother of the World, and a mother is the greatest and best thing God ever made." This met with applause and hearty response from all.

The dark eyed Italian doll added, "I don't know all of the story of Florence

Nightingale, but I know she was born in Italy. Won't you please tell us about her?"

"Gladly," answered Victoria. "In England we are taught to love her name, and her life is familiar to all of us."

"Nearly one hundred years ago, away off in sunny Italy, a dear little baby was born. She was named Florence, because she was born in Florence, Italy. Soon mother and baby returned to their beautiful English home. Here Florence's childhood and early girlhood were passed. She had a strong love for nature, for everything beautiful. All the dogs and animals about the place were her friends and loved her. Her heart was full of sympathy and her greatest delight was to help anything that was suffering. Her mother, a noble and wise woman, encouraged this. Like all little girls, Florence had her family of dolls and enjoyed playing with them. Most little girls love to dress the dolls, take them for a walk or have a tea party. Not so with little Florence. Her favorite pastime was to play her dolls were sick or had met with an accident, when she gave them the best of nursing, carefully bandaging the broken arm or leg. One of her playfellows was a shepherd dog and this was her first living patient. While out for a walk he got hurt in a fight, and Florence took him under her charge, nursing him back to health. Soon her companions learned to come to her for 'first aid' in time of trouble. She was given every opportunity and when old enough was thoroughly trained in nursing, visiting the great hospitals on the continent. When the Crimean War broke out, in 1854, she went to the battlefield with thirty-eight nurses, who did much to alleviate the suffering and mitigate the hor-

rors of war. Children, if you ever visit London, you must go and see the statue of Florence Nightingale, erected in 1915, called "The Lady with the Lamp." Outside of statues for royalty this is the first statue erected in London in honor of a woman."

"Victoria, what is the decoration that Florence Nightingale always wore?"

"That is the decoration of the order of the Red Cross, founded by Queen Victoria, in 1883, for women who have distinguished themselves in the care of sick soldiers. It is a gold cross inscribed with the words, "Faith, Hope, and Charity," and the date 1883."

"Did Florence Nightingale start the Red Cross," asked one of the children.

"No." Out of her work, her loving service on the battlefield in aiding the wounded, the thought grew; but the Red Cross was organized at a conference held in Switzerland, and I believe that the Swiss doll can tell the story better than I can," answered the English doll, Victoria.

Geneva, the doll from Switzerland, said: "We are proud of our part in helping to form the Red Cross Society and that Switzerland was the country chosen for the conference. Jean Henri Durant, a citizen of Geneva, had taken a great interest in Florence Nightingale's work in the Crimean War, and recognized her as an authority on nursing and military hospitals. He had written several books and urged the forming of an international society where all could be united in the noble work started by Florence, so the Geneva conference was called, and with representatives from fourteen countries, the Red Cross Society was formed. The flag, or emblem chosen to represent it was a red cross on a ground of white, in honor of Switzerland, whose flag is a white cross on a red ground."

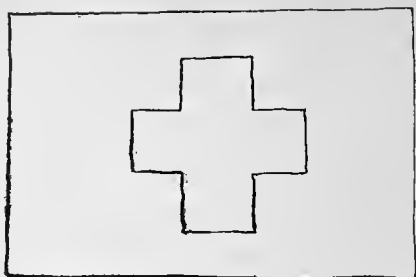
"Do all countries have the same emblem?"



THE RED CROSS DOLL

"No. The Turkish government adopted for the emblem of its societies the crescent.

"America was not one of the nations at the Geneva conference. It was



MISS RED CROSS FOR YOU TO COLOR

of the Savior, there is an American Red Cross headquarters, lending a helping hand to the refugees?"

Marie, the French doll, added: "It was at Paris that the international Red Cross conference was held, in 1867."

Columbia said: "We all know the work done by the Red Cross in this terrible World War, not only by the doctors and nurses at the battlefield, but the great work done by its members at home in the gauze room, in knitting and sewing for the soldiers, in providing clothing for the exiles and orphan children, and there is much yet for its members to do in the reconstruction of a broken world."

(To be continued.)

(Note. This is the second of a series of doll stories, to be followed by stories by the dolls from France, Belgium, Italy, Japan, Sweden, Norway, Denmark, Holland, Spain Alaska America (Indian).

Dogs of War

By Edward T. Martin

At various times before the end came there were more than 15,000 dogs on the European battle front doing their bit to aid in winning the freedom of the world.

There were dogs doing sentry duty; dogs employed as scouts; as ammunition carriers; dogs waging a war of their own against the rats of the trenches—one single dog has a record of 636 rats killed in a day and tens of thousands during the several years she was on duty—and besides all these, dogs used by the Red Cross people to hunt for wounded men.

There is much to be said in favor of these dogs. They learned rapidly—soon got to know what was expected of them, and when they had learned, no soldier in any of the allied armies was more willing to go over the top than those same dogs.

not until 1881, under the leadership of Clara Barton, that the American Red Cross was formed, with Clara Barton as its president. Since then, America has taken an active part. Did you know that even in Jerusalem, the home

The Germans claim that the idea of using dogs for army work originated with them—with a certain Herr Bungartz, an artist of some repute whose specialty was wild animals. He borrowed the idea from the St. Bernards, the dogs whose home is in the well known monastery of the Alps, and, in 1885 began experimenting to see if other breeds of dogs could be used to rescue those lost and perishing, not only in the snow, but on the battlefields. He tried the St. Bernards. They were too heavy, and their fur too thick for work when the weather was warm. Pointers went to the other extreme. Their hair was too thin when the weather was cold and, besides, these dogs, being game hunters by nature, often forgot their army training and would go after a bevy of birds, or even chase rabbits. After several experiments, Bungartz, the German, decided that Scotch collies were more dependable and better for rescue work. This he reported to the war board, and collies were immediately made the official dogs of the army.

As soon as the secret service of other European nations reported what was being done in Germany, they, too, got busy and started training dogs for war purposes. But these were not the first instances of dogs being used for war work—there were instances as far back as our own civil war where pet bird dogs which had been permitted to accompany their masters to the front paid for the privilege when their owners were grievously wounded and over-looked by the stretcher bearers by bringing aid and saving their lives.

There was the case of a young lieutenant belonging to a North Carolina regiment, at the battle of Seven Pines. Advancing with his command, as he was climbing over a rail fence, six bullets pierced his clothing without drawing blood; a seventh frac-

tured his leg above the knee. He fell in a thick clump of broom grass and was not observed by those searching for the wounded after the battle.

The cool air of night revived him. With no idea of where he was going, he crawled until he reached a spring. There he lay in a stupor the rest of that night and most of the next day, only retaining sense enough to hold his wounded leg where the water would run over it and reduce the inflammation.

Meanwhile, his dog, left chained to a sapling near company headquarters, kept up a constant whining, struggling all the time to get loose.

It was mid-forenoon of the following day when the regimental commander, passing by, asked of a sergeant, "Have they found young Howard yet?"

"No, sir," the man replied.

"Unchain the dog. Perhaps he will be able to find him," the Colonel ordered, adding, as an afterthought, "You take another man and go along."

The dog didn't wait for anyone to go along, but was off with a bound. Several hours later he came bringing in his mouth a glove of his master's. By his actions he said, as plainly as if he had spoken the words, "I've found him, boys. He's alive, but in need of help. Come on!"

The dog led the way and the wounded man was easily found. He was taken to a hospital in Richmond, recovered and lived to see much more fighting.

This certainly was once that an American dog engaged in rescue work on the battlefield, and beat the Germans to it by more than twenty years.

The American Red Cross society is a thorough believer in dogs for army work. They are not particular as to the breed. Any kind will do that is dark in color, heavy enough to perform the work, and brave enough not to flinch under fire.

Training them is a very interesting employment and it seems likely, although peace has come, that the Red Cross or the medical department of the army will keep on training dogs for war work and not only dogs but the men to go with them. Each must know and like the other and for both the training should be equally severe.

Just Play

Alice had a Teddy-bear and a go-cart and a doll—oh, many dolls—and a long list of other playthings.

Poor, pale-faced little Kitty looked down longingly upon her from the upper veranda.

"I wish she would come up and play with me!" sighed Kitty.

"Perhaps she would if you asked her," said Kitty's mother, encouragingly.

So Kitty leaned over the railing and called down in a very coaxing voice:

"Please come up here and play with me."

Alice looked up.

"Won't you?" said Kitty, "I am lonesome. And I'm sick."

A frown puckered Alice's forehead and a cloud came over her face. She shook her head.

"There'd be so much to move. And I like this place. I'd rather play by myself."

"She's mean!" said Kitty to her mother.

And Bobby Hatfield, who had stood on the steps of the lower porch and heard, said to himself:

"She's mean! She ought to be ashamed to behave like that to such a poor, weak, little girl."

Bobby was going to the beach. He had his pail and his spade. And, beside them, he had a hope. He hoped that the same nice man that had helped him build a tower yesterday would help him build a bigger tower today.

Bobby put his foot down on the next step, and there he stopped.

"Pooh! What could I do?" he asked himself. "What good would a spade and a pail be for playthings on an upper veranda?"

Then, anyway, Bobby knew that it would spoil the hope entirely. Of course a boy would rather play with a big, brown man than a pale, thin girl who was two whole months younger than he was.

"Alice ought to go," scowled Bobby. "She could just as well as not."

Suddenly he started down the steps on a run. He went to the beach and gathered shells. When his pail was full, a voice behind him said:

"How is it, partner? Are we building more towers today?"

Very slowly Bobby turned around. His face was very sober.

"No, sir. Thank you. I guess I can't," he said. "I've got to play with a girl that's sick."

Bobby ran back faster than ever. He was afraid to stop. He wished that he had told the brown man that he was sorry; it was not very polite not to tell him that he was sorry. But he was afraid to go back.

"I can't help Alice's meanness. But I can help mine," he panted. "But, maybe, I couldn't if I went back."

"Here I am!" he announced when he had reached the upper porch.

Kitty brightened rather uncertainly.

"I've come to play with you," said Bobby.

Then she brightened very certainly indeed.

They had an astonishingly nice time. Kitty was fine, for a girl, at planning games. Really, Bobby thought that if she had been a boy, she would have been fine at it.

When it was lunch time, two men stood in the hall window and saw them. One of the two was Kitty's

father. The other was a big, brown man.

"It takes very small things to make children happy," said Kitty's father.

"Sometimes," said the big, brown man; but he said it, without speaking, to himself. "Sometimes it takes unselfishness, and that is about the largest thing there is."

The big, brown man was going boating that afternoon, and he wanted company.—*Sunday School Times*.

Betty's New Doll

Betty frowned with all her might the moment Gladys Kaley had gone home. She stood at the nursery window, looking after her little friend, until a passing wagon hid the stiffly starched white dress from sight. Then Betty sighed and turned a wistful little face toward her mother, putting a clean dress on Baby Ruth.

"I wish I had a doll like that one of Gladys'," she said slowly. "It's a beautiful doll, mamma. I guess her papa paid a lot of money for it. She says her mamma made the loveliest blue silk coat for it that anybody ever saw, and when I go over to her house she is going to show it to me. I wish Gladys had brought her doll this afternoon. I want to see it."

"Why didn't she bring it?" asked mamma.

"She said her mamma wouldn't let her play with it very often 'cause she might break it or muss its clothes," explained Betty. "Her mamma keeps it for her in a big box in the company room. Oh, dear! I wish I had a doll like hers. Don't you think I might have one, mamma? Mr. Cash has a dear little wax doll in his store window. It's not as big as the one Gladys has, but it is just lovely. Oh, mamma, please let me have that one;" begged Betty.

"How much does Mr. Cash ask for it, dear?" questioned mamma, put-

ting down Baby Ruth and opening her purse. "I can spare only a dollar."

"That's it, mamma; that's 'zactly it," cried Betty.

"Very well, then," said mamma, handing the money to her. "Put on your hat and coat and run down to the store and get it."

"O-oo!" cooed Baby Ruth a short while later when Betty was proudly unwrapping the new doll. "Pitty dolly. Please let Baby Ruth play wiv it, Betty. Baby Ruth ain't got any dolly, never. Please, Betty!"

Betty snatched the pink-clad doll in her arms and pushed Ruth away. "Don't you dare touch my doll, Ruth Graham!" she cried in such a sharp tone that Baby Ruth's dimpled chin began to quiver. "This is too nice for you to muss, and you're not to play with it ever!" And then she ran from the room to put the doll away, leaving Baby Ruth wailing behind her.

Mamma looked very sober as she took Baby Ruth in her lap and stilled her cries.

Betty stayed upstairs with her doll until mamma called her to supper. Then she came down looking half defiant and half ashamed. Mamma said nothing about her conduct, though, so Betty presently recovered her spirits. When bedtime came, Betty did not feel so well. "Oh, dear!" she sighed softly. Then she sighed a little louder. Mamma looked at her and asked her if she felt ill.

"Just my throat," she quavered, moving restlessly under mamma's gentle eyes. "There's a b-big lump in it."

"I'm sorry, dear," said mamma, gravely. "What do you think caused the lump?"

Betty gulped hard. "I—I guess my conscience did, mamma," she said softly. "D-do you s'pose Mr. Cash would take back my new doll and give me two cheaper ones, so Baby Ruth and I could have one each and play all we wanted to with them? Do you s'pose he would, mamma?"

"I think he would, dear," said mamma, with a loving smile. "I will write him a note about it, and you may take it to him with the doll tomorrow."

"I feel lots better now," declared Betty. "It isn't a bit of fun being a pig, is it, mamma?"

"Not a bit," answered mamma, as she gave Betty a good-night kiss.—*Child's Hour.*

The Sunshine of Righteousness

By Minnie Iverson Hodapp

A seed when planted in the ground, flourishes and grows in the warm, bright sunshine. A gospel-seed or truth planted in the human heart flourishes also in the sunshine of righteousness. The sunshine of righteousness is a divine power called faith. It streams from the great heart and mind of God, for He is a God of faith and works by faith forever and ever.

It is very pleasing unto God that each human being shall have faith, for it is a gift or principle of great power. It brings courage, cheer, and patience. By faith we know God lives. By faith we know He hears and answers prayers. By faith we hear and obey the words of the proph-

ets. It is through the power of faith that we think and act. Otherwise we would sit deedless and dull and accomplish nothing.

Among a number of God's excellent reasons for restoring His Gospel through the prophet Joseph Smith is this: "That faith also might increase in the earth."

Wherever the Gospel is, there is faith for it is the first principle of revealed religion. It begins in sincerity of purpose and a desire to believe. Thus it grows into a strong assurance and urges us toward right actions.

Our Savior taught "Blessed are they that do hunger and thirst after righteousness for they shall be filled." Any person desiring to become strong in faith must exercise that which he already possesses. He must draw near unto his Heavenly Father in humble prayer. He must seek to live by every good and wise teaching of the gospel. He must be full of kindness and love unfeigned. God will recognize the efforts of such a person and make his faith strong and true. This will give him much comfort in tribulation and much joy in the Lord. It will save him from the snares and temptations of the Evil One and lead him in the path of light—the Straight and Narrow Way.

The 'Phone Bell Rang

She ran to bake his pancakes,
And the 'phone bell rang.
She rushed to start the cocoa,
And the 'phone bell rang.
What could he do about it
But go to work without it?
"Good-by," they had to shout it;
But the 'phone bell rang.

She tried to dress the children,
And the 'phone bell rang.
She went to wash the dishes,
And the 'phone bell rang.
The parlor needed dusting,
The chafing dish was rusting,
And the silverware disgusting;
And the 'phone bell rang.

The grocer stopped for orders,
And the 'phone bell rang.
A neighbor came to gossip,
And the 'phone bell rang.
She thought by being hasty
She could make some biscuits tasty,
Her hands with dough were pasty,
And the 'phone bell rang.

All day the housework waited,
While the 'phone bell rang.
No time for rest or labor
When the 'phone bell rang.
At last he came to fold her
In his arms, "Poor girl!" he told her;
For a second he consoled her;
And the 'phone bell rang.

—Newark News.

The Children's Budget Box

My Dolly

My dolly is a pretty doll,
Her arms so fat are they,
I would not sell my pretty doll,
No matter what you pay.

Her little shoes are black and white,
Her hair is curly brown,
And every time that I play house
I never put her down.

She has a rubber tongue so red,
Her great big eyes are blue,
And though she is a pretty doll,
She's not as sweet as you.

While I sit down here to write
This rhyme about my doll,
I want to tell you now, my dear,
I'd never let her fall.

If she should fall she'd break her
head,
And I could never buy
A head to fit my great big doll,
So I would have to cry.

Virginia Goff,
Age 11. 1142 Roosevelt Ave., S.L.C.

The Service Pin

Mrs. Munniworth, dressed in a mourner's costume of heavy black satin, was buying a service pin in honor of her son who had been killed in France.

Arriving at the jeweler's, Mrs. Munniworth ordered the costliest service pin the jeweler could suggest—rubies and pearls set in platinum with the star of gold. Nothing was too good for her boy hero.

That night she dreamed she was on the battlefield of France, witnessing its horrors, the trenches dark and muddy—No Man's Land strewn with dead and dying soldiers—the fever camps—the bombed hospitals—the deserted homes—the starving children. Mrs.

Munniworth awoke with a start. She lay staring into the darkness. Could it be possible that so much misery existed in the world, while she was living in luxury and ease? Suddenly her life became distasteful, and she blushed when she thought of the costly service pin. She now realized how selfish she had been and determined to become a power for good.

In the morning she hurried to jeweler's and cancelled her order; then to the Red Cross, where she offered her time and money.

After that, the plainest of service pins adorned her coat beside the Red Cross emblem of mercy.

Helen E. Wilson,
Age 12. 2827 Pingree Ave.,
Ogden.

Spring

In the spring the snow drifts melt,
The little birds come, too;
Flowers sweet, and grasses green,
And laughing skies turn blue.

Tiny breezes softly blow,
The birds are singing gay;
Bees are humming 'round the comb,
The sun shines bright today.

Brooks now babble thru' the field,
The trees with leaves are green;
Flowers bright the meadows yield,
To deck our May-day queen.

The crickets sing—"Tis Spring!
'Tis Spring!"

The ground squirrel claws the earth,
The orchard trees, their blossoms bring—

All nature sings with mirth.
V. Ruth Pate,
Age 12. Box 11,
Sage, Wyoming.

Our Country's Patriots

George Washington was a man you
know,
Abe Lincoln was another.
They were to country and the world
A father and a brother.

Washington won our liberty,
And Lincoln freed the slave,
It's hard to say which comes ahead,
For both were good and brave.

George Washington, our hero,
A brave, true man was he,
The first in peace, the first in war
The first in liberty.

And by his side in courage
In honesty and in might,
Is Lincoln, the defender
Of freedom, truth and right.

They were true, brave and noble men,
And did there duty well;
And now the little boys and girls
Their stories love to tell.

Verland Healey,
Age 13. Alpine, Utah.



Drawn by Zelda Keetch
Age 14. St. Charles, Idaho.



Satisfied.

By Third Grade Pupil, Forest School.

The Arrival of the 145th in Logan

If you had been in Logan, Utah, the morning of January 17, 1919, you would have found the town decorated as it never had been before. All the business houses and most of the residences had some decoration. Flags were hung along Main street and up First North. At the corner of Main and Center was a large sign in electric lights, which said, "Welcome Home!"

If you had asked, "Why the decorations?" you would have received the answer that it was for the boys of the 145th Field Artillery, who were coming to Logan that day to be demobilized at the Utah Agricultural College. Word was received that they would arrive at one o'clock, but long before that time the streets were crowded.

As the soldiers marched from the depot, all the people cheered them. Though they were very tired the soldiers seemed glad to get back. Crowds followed them to the college but were not allowed on the grounds.

The guards had "some time" keeping the people from their returned soldier boys.

The public saw the regiment the next day, when the soldiers drilled for them, for the last time.

Abbie Scholes,
Age 11. 456 E. 1st N.,
Logan, Utah.

A Wonderful Dream

I was sitting by my cozy fire,
With my *Juvenile* in my hand;
I looked at the "Puzzle Picture" page,
But I could not understand.

The kettle sang a merry song
As it hung in the broad chimney;
But the old *crane* changed to a long-necked bird
And it flew to a tall *beech* tree.

It plucked a *cocoanut* from a bough
And dropped it in a pail of *milk*,
And a *cinnamon bear* came and ate them up
While *Rufus* strolled by on his stilt.

The blue clouds to *vermilion* changed
And the black smoke rose in fleck-ers;

The *bear* and the *crane* sat beneath the tree
In a friendly game of *checkers*.

And then I awoke with a shout of mirth

In the firelight's golden gleam;
Mr. Wellman's puzzle pictures had
Brought about this wonderful dream.

Terrell S. Rich,
Age 15. Pingree, Idaho.

Up Mount Timpanogas

One Friday night, in the light of a great bonfire at Aspen Grove, we were told of the wonderful sights we were to see next day.

At dawn I was met by the appetizing smell of frying bacon. After breakfast we started. It was easy going at first along a dry river bed but soon we were scrambling up the steep trail. Up, up, up, foot by foot, yard by yard we crept. After passing wonderful waterfalls, springs and cliffs we came to the Alpine flowers—all colors of the rainbow.

At the foot of the glacier lies beau-

tiful Emerald Lake where we ate lunch. The glacier was steep and very slushy. From its top, the trail led along the ridge of the mountain, very narrow in some places with high cliffs dropping off on both sides.

The view from the peak was wonderful. We could see to the east, the towns of Wasatch county and to the west Utah Valley dotted with towns and farms and farther west Utah Lake with black patches floating across its surface—shadows from the passing clouds. Returning we slid down the glacier going end over end and getting soaked with the icy water. Finally, we arrived at Aspen Grove, about seven o'clock, tired but happy.

Leon Cowles,
Age 12. 518 Douglas Ave.,
Salt Lake City.

The Story of a Rocking Chair

"The happiest days of my life were spent in a large forest." It was the rocking-chair that was speaking.

"Many other trees stood near me. One by one they were cut down and taken away. I knew not where they were going.

"One day I felt the sharp edge of an ax. I fell to the ground with a crash. I was then loaded on a wagon and taken away from the forest.

Next I found myself in a place where there were many other trees. I was sawed into lengths and so arranged that I became a rocking-chair.

"One day to my surprise I was put into a wagon and taken to a large store in the city. Soon after a man came and bought me. I was then taken to a place where I had never been before. I have been moved several times. One day, Mary, the cook, set me where I now stand."

Nellie E. Wade,
Age 12. Liberty, Weber Co.,
Utah.

Spring

Spring is coming, so they say,
Coming nearer every day;
Buds will soon begin to sprout,
And the birds will soon be out.

Old winter's gone, with snow and
rain,

And buds are bursting forth again,
Spring is coming! hear the song
Of the children, all day long.

Little seeds have waited long—
Soon they'll hear the joyous song,
Then they'll poke their tiny heads
Up from out their snowy beds.

"Welcome, welcome," we shall say,
Come with us and we shall play.
Gladness to us all you bring
"Welcome, welcome, happy spring!"

Edna Rae Rust,

Age 12. Hurricane, Utah

This Year's Tenants in our Bird House

One day, as my sister and I were playing house, we saw a little pine squirrel run up a tree into a bird-house that we had put up for the birds. After awhile we saw two squirrels busy carrying wool up to their nest. We wanted to help them so we got some wool and a carrot and put them on a limb of the tree. That frightened the squirrels a little but they didn't go away.

One day we heard a noise like birds chattering. We saw two robins that had lived in that nest last summer. They were fighting the squirrels. After that we did not see the squirrels for a day or two. Then we saw them in another of our bird-houses, a little way off. Sometimes the squirrels are afraid of the dog and run up the robins' tree. As soon as the robins see a squirrel they fly on him and peck

him. They make a snapping noise with their mouths.

Our bird-houses are pretty full. There are wrens in one, robins in two, and squirrels in another.

Ina Harris,

Age 11. Driggs, R. D. Box 53,
Idaho.

Our Twins

When I came home from school one night,

Quite tired of such a day—
What should I see, to my delight,
But twins!—in white array.

The little dears lay there so sweet,
With dark hair and blue eyes;
Yes, lying there in a basket neat,—
'Twas sure a fine surprise!

We had to be so careful, 'cause
They weren't very strong,
And often got quite sick, because
Things sometimes went all wrong.

Take note: The robust little dears,
Brimful of mischief now,
Have walked and talked for 'most two
years,—
I've been paid, anyhow.

Julia Horne,

Age 13. Almo, Idaho.

The Contest

Delbert Baker was sitting by the window with a very heavy heart." "Only two more days," he said to himself, "and they're ahead now."

The Friday before his teacher had divided his class into two sections putting George Walden leader of one section and himself the other. They were to compete against each other in a Thrift Stamp Campaign. The winning section would be awarded a banner.

George Walden had enough money himself to keep his side ahead, and it seemed his delight to let Delbert's

side get ahead only to tease them by adding enough to put his own side ahead.

Delbert thought all night and in reward for his trouble he thought of a plan. The next morning he went over to Mr. Barnes and came back with a bright face.

That afternoon all of his side were seen picking Mr. Barnes' strawberries. When it was finished Delbert went over and told Mr. Barnes it was done. Mr. Barnes handed him fifteen dollars.

Wednesday came and as the teacher read the score of twenty to twenty eight dollars in favor of Delbert's side, Delbert felt paid for his troubles.

Eleanor Peterson,
Age 12. Box 3, Thatcher, Ariz.

March

Of all the months in all the year
I like old March the best.
He's such a jolly fellow,
He needs no time for rest.

He puffs and blows and takes my kite
And carries it up high,
Until it seems a little bird
Far up into the sky.

It's true he sometimes takes my hat
And tosses it away.
But I don't care a fig for that,
'Tis only done in play.

Athene Allred,
Age 11. Spring City, Utah.

My Pony

When we left our home in Mexico, as refugees, in 1912, we were forced to leave all of our pets behind, at the mercy of the Mexicans. Imagine our joy when papa brought our pet pony out with a carload of horses. He had been badly treated and poorly fed, and his hair was shaggy; but a few weeks in the alfalfa pasture brought back his high spirits, as well as his

slick coat. And many were the jolly rides we had on his back. Later as we moved from place to place, trying to find a new home, he seemed to get disheartened and grow old fast. He seemed to think he never again would see the pine-covered hills of his old home; and one day a broken-hearted bunch of children surrounded him when he lay dead in the corral.

Melvin Brown,
Age 11. Duncan, Arizona.

Major-General Pershing

Major General John Joseph Pershing was born, Sept. 13, 1860, at La Clede, Missouri. His parents were poor, but they always impressed upon him, as a small boy, that he was to do great things when he became a man.

Everybody liked John—his teachers, because he was conscientious and industrious; his parents, because he was obedient and kind; the boys, because he was brave and daring; the girls, because he was courteous and gentle, and everybody, because he was thoughtful and truthful.

He worked hard to obtain all the schooling he could. One day he noticed in the paper that an examination was to be held for applicants to West Point. He took the examination and passed with highest honors. After graduating from West Point, he taught school, studied law at night, and was soon admitted to the bar.

He later returned to military life and has had charge of the American Army in Europe during this terrible war. The greatest honor France can bestow, the Grand Cross of the Legion of Honor, has just been conferred upon General Pershing.

Major General Pershing is the best leader of the best army, the United States has ever had.

Frances F. Brown,
Age 14. 30 So. 9th E., Salt Lake City.

A Mixed Puzzle

The Bird, is just a common *Crane*,
That oft-times soars so high
It almost seems a tiny speck
That's floating in the sky.

The next is *Beech*, a stately tree
That grows back in the East;
Its branches make a pleasant shade,
Its nuts, a squirrel feast.

The *Cocoanut*, in tropic climes,
Is often used as food.
The Mill and K next make the *Milk*.
I hope the milk is good.

The *Cinnamon Bear*, that roams the
wilds,
Comes next, I must confess.
While Roof, with U. S. on the top,
Names *Rufus*; that's my guess.

The Color, is *Vermilion*, and
Red is its other name;
While Check, and two Rr's make
Checkers,
A most delightful game.

Age 15. Zeala Wright,
Hinckley, Utah.

Mixed Puzzle Solution

1.—Crane. 2.—Beech. 3.—Cocoanut. 4.—Milk. 5.—Cinnamon Bear. 6.—Rufus. 7.—Vermilion. 8.—Checkers.

Winners

Farnese Budd, 1562 So. 15th E., S. L. C.

Melvin Brown, Duncan, Arizona.

Frances Brown, 30 So 9th E. S. L. C.

Leon Cowles, 518 Douglas S. L. C.

Fern Cook, Afton, Wyoming.

Verland Healey, Alpine, Utah.

Ivan Jones, Hooper, Utah.

V. Ruth Pate, Box 11, Sage, Wyo.

Edna Rae Rust, Hurricane, Utah.

Terrell S. Rich, Pingree, Idaho.

Abbie Scholes, 456 E. 1st N. Logan, Utah.

Leila Trumbo, 653 McKinley Ave., S. L. C.

Helen E. Wilson, 2827 Pingree Ave., Ogden.

Zeala Wright, Hinckley, Utah.

Honorable Mention

Allita Anderson, Penrose, Wyoming.

Henrietta Belnap, Washington, Utah.

Larene Berrett, Murray, Utah.

Thelma Chidester, Venice, Utah.

Pearl Chidester, Venice, Utah.

Zola Cox, Alton, Utah.

Louise Gowans, Salt Lake City, Utah.

Allie Gowans, Salt Lake City, Utah.

Arvil Harris, Harrisville, Utah.

Merle Jolley, Tropic, Utah.

Ida Johnson, Panguitch, Utah.

Leah Johnson, Panguitch, Utah.

Marvin Kingsford, Grace, Idaho.

Alfa Myrle Lewis, Declo, Idaho.

Louise Miller, Parker, Idaho.

Goldie Nielson, Shelley, Idaho.

Edna Pickett, Providence, Utah.

Alton Peterson, Smithfield, Utah.

Hilda Rose, Aurora, Utah.

Marcus Rodeback, Lago, Idaho.

Cleone Smith, Salt Lake City, Utah.

Alice Van Orden, Juniper, Idaho.

Milas E. Walters, Three Creek, Idaho.

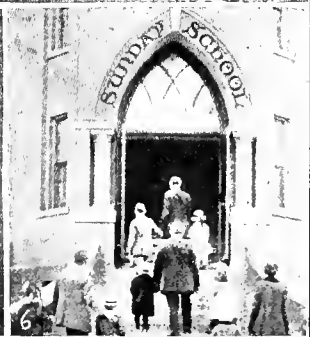
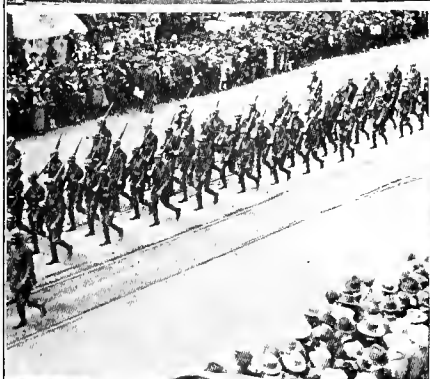
Sunday School Song Puzzle

Prepared by William A. Morton

The pictures on the next page represent the titles of eight songs in the Deseret Sunday School Song Book. In the next number of the *Juvenile Instructor* seven additional pictures, representing the same number of titles, will be printed. To those who, on or before May 1st, next, send to the office of the *Juvenile Instructor* the correct titles of the songs represented by the 15 pictures, we will send a very interesting and beautifully-bound story book. Not more than one set of answers will be received from the same individual.












The Juvenile Instructor Puzzle Page

By William A. Morton





The Tenement Tree.


III.




IT was too late in the season for cherries.  Come in very early summer, you know. But Pa Robin thought he had something almost as good in his big market  When he set the  down on the kitchen  the three boys, Tom, Ned and Willie Robin gathered around. "I choose a big drumstick!" shouted each one of the three boy birds. A  has six , of course, but only two big . So there was a great quarrel started about who was to have them. "Children," said Mrs. , "unless you behave, none of you can have . Your Pa and I will have them ourselves." But that did not stop the quarreling. The three Robin boys kept it up until Pa and Ma Robin had to lead them all out of the kitchen and make them sit, each in his own high  in the nursery. Pa and Ma Robin saw that the three Robin boys would cry unless something should divert their attention. Ma Robin went to the little  and started a song. Pa Robin was a splendid singer and he sang too. The song was their








early summer song, “ are ripe!  are ripe! On, give the baby one!” Pretty soon Pa Robin and Ma Robin and the three Robin boys had forgotten all




about the drum-~~sticks~~ and everything else but the music. The children made queer little peeps, trying to sing themselves. So everybody in the 's tenement was happy again.

All except one. Who, do you suppose, was that one? Why, the ~~grasshopper~~. He was not a dead ~~grasshopper~~ by any means. He was waking up. When the cold weather comes our ~~grasshoppers~~ and ~~frogs~~ get to smarting. Grasshoppers don't have to bother with  and . They just go to sleep. Pa Robin had found the  on a cold morning. It was sleepy and stiff.

The 's kitchen was warm and soon the ~~grasshopper~~ began to wake up. When he heard the talk about , he was quite excited, and when every  went out of the kitchen scrambled out of the , spread his  and flew away. “Excuse me,” he snapped. “If it is all the same to you, I think I'll have both drum-sticks.”





THE FUNNY BONE

And Enough

Boy—How often does your line kill a man?

Conductor—Just once.

Generosity

"What are you doing here?" said a farmer to a tramp who had only just got over the wall in time to escape the bulldog.

"Sir," answered the tramp, with dignity, "I did intend to ask for something to eat; but now, in the interests of humanity, I beg of you to feed that dog!"

Hennerly Talk

Johnny—I know where you can get a chicken dinner for fifteen cents.

Teacher—Where ! ! ! ? ? ?

Johnny—At the feed-store.—Exchange.

Mutual Deception

Brown—Back to town again? I thought you were a farmer.

Green—you made the same mistake I did.—Judge.

Getting Around His Difficulty

There was a boy in the room that couldn't pronounce the letter "r." The teacher gave him this sentence to read: "Robert gave Richard a rap in the ribs for roasting the rabbit so rare." He looked at it a few minutes, and then he read: "Bobby gave Dickey a thump in the slats for cooking the bunny so little."

Natural Result

"How did Teller get his cold?"

"All the drafts in the bank go through his cage."—Boston Transcript.

The Horrors of War

"What has put your wife into such a terrible state of nervous agitation?"

"Shell shock," replied Mr. Meekton.

"Shell shock?"

"Yes. I brought home some peanuts and inadvertently scattered the shells on the floor."—Washington Star.

Two Can Play at That Game

"I find that my husband has been having the office boy call me up every day and mumble terms of endearment. That's a nice way to fool his wife! He's been going to the ball game."

"How is it that you didn't catch on to the voice?"

"Well, I'm busy at bridge every day, and I've been having the cook answer the telephone."—Grit.

Abstraction

"You are charged with picking this gentleman's pocket."

"I did it in a moment of abstraction, your honor."—Boston Transcript.

Where It Was Signed

"Now, Bobby," said the teacher, "by whom was the Declaration of Independence written?"

"Thomas Jefferson," said Bobby.

"Correct," said the teacher. "And now, Willie, you may tell me where it was signed." "Right at the bottom, ma'am," said Willie.

Where the Rib Came From

The women of the olden days in our country were not lacking in mother-wit. A host, who was carving a pig at a dinner more than a hundred years ago, took a rib of the pig, and, holding it up before the ladies, said: "Ladies, I believe that this is what the first of your sex was made of."

"Yes, it was," calmly replied one of the ladies, "and from very much the same kind of a critter."—The Christian Herald.

Hard To Get

"Well, little miss," said the grocer, "what can I do for you?"

"Please, sir, mother wants a bottle of good-natured alcohol."—Boston Transcript.

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Dr. F. S. Harris, *Director of Experiment Station, U. A. C.*

Dr. M. C. Merrill, *Horticulturist, Experiment Station.*

Prof. O. W. Israelson, *Irrigation and Drainage.*

Prof. George Stewart, *Assistant Agronomist, Experiment Station.*

Prof. Byron Alder, *Poultryman.*

Prof. T. H. Abell, *Ass't Horticulturist, Experiment Station.*

Mr. J. W. Paxman, *Dry Farming.*

And other contributors on Dairying, Livestock, etc.

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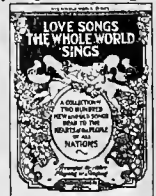
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Take the contents of two cans of PIERCE'S HOMINY, pour off the brine, grate one-half pound of good "NIPPY" yellow cream cheese.

Place layer of Hominy in deep baking pan, sprinkle with grated cheese and small quantity of cracker crumbs, adding two or three pinches of butter with salt and pepper to taste.

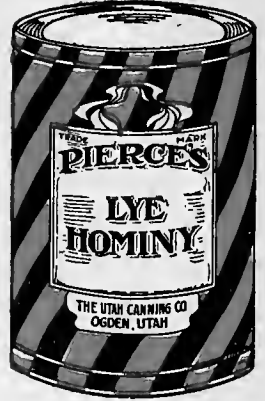
Place another layer of Hominy, cracker crumbs, etc., making a top covering of cheese, after which cover with milk and bake thirty minutes.

Or, prepare as you do macaroni and cheese, using hominy instead of macaroni.

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